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FRONTISPIECE.



W M Craig del

R Mackenzie sculp

*A wheyfe-faced young Saff, an' deff'd out leyke a Lady
cried 'pray Sir step in.' but I wish I'd kept out'*

Published by R Houghton Winton 1808

Alce. Truer Tytler

BALLADS

IN THE
CUMBERLAND DIALECT,

CHIEFLY BY

R. ANDERSON,

WITH

Notes and a Glossary :

THE REMAINDER

BY VARIOUS AUTHORS,

Several of which have been

NEVER BEFORE PUBLISHED.



The Song beguiles dull Care, at Night's black hour ;

Now calls a starting tear from Sorrow's eye ;

Then grant me, Fate, awhile the soothing pow'r,

To charm the rustic with wild minstrelsy :

If, midst coarse weeds, he find a simple flow'r,

The learned critic's frown I'll proud defy !

R. A.



Wigton :

PRINTED BY R. HETHERTON,

and sold by

E. CROSBY AND CO. STATIONERS' COURT, LONDON : AND

BY F. JOLLIE AND SONS, CARLISLE.

==
1808.

Many of these ballads have a great deal of merit. The author has a talent for painting rustic manners, and possesses comic humour in no mean degree. He is of the school of Ramsay in that department - but aspires not to the greater merits of Burns, having little or no turn for the sublime or pathetic.

The Worton Wedding is a good specimen of the author's ~~best~~ ^{sharpest} manner. His political opinions have a small tincture of the modern popular prejudices in favour of Reform ~~and~~ ^{and}.

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DEDICATION.



TO

MRS. HOWARD,

OF

CORBY CASTLE,

THESE RURAL SKETCHES

OF

CUMBERLAND MANNERS,

ARE DEDICATED,

(As a Proof of Gratitude)

BY HER

OBEДИENT SERVANT,

R. ANDERSON.

Carlisle.

817933

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Cumberland Ballads.



BALLAD I.

BETTY BROWN.



TUNE,—“*John Anderson my jo.*”



WULLY.

COME, Gwordie lad, unyoke the yad,
Let's gow to ROSLEY FAIR*;
Lang Ned's afore, wi' Symie' lad,
Peed Dick, and monie mair:
My titty Greace and Jenny Bell
Are gangen bye and bye,
Sae doff thy clogs, and don thysel—
Let fadder luik to t' kye.



* See Note I. at the end of the volume.

GWORDIE.

O, Wully ! leetsome may ye be !
For me, I downa gang ;
I've often shek'd a leg wi' tee,
But now I's aw wheyte wrang ;
My stomich's gaene, nae sleep I get ;
At neet I lig me down,
Bnt nobbet pech, and gowl, and fret,
And aw for *Betty Brown*.

Sin' Cuddy Wulson' murry-neet,
When Deavie bree's'd his shin,
I've niver, niver yence been reet,
And aw for her, I fin :

Tou kens we danc'd a threesome reel,
And Betty set to me—
She luik'd sae neyce, and danc'd sae weel,
What cud a body de ?

My fadder fratches sair enough,
If I but steal frae heame ;
My mudder caws me peer deyl'd guff,
If Betty I but neame :

Atween the twee there's sec a frase,
O but it's bad to beyde !
Yet, what's far war, aye Betty says
She wunnet be my breyde.

WULLY.

Wey, Gworge ! tou's owther fuil or font,
To think o' sec a frow;
In aw her flegmagaries donn'd,
What is she—nought 'at dow.

There's scea-pe-greace Ben, the neybors ken,
Can git her onie day—
Ere I'd be fash'd wi' sec a yen,
I'd list, or rin away !

Wi' aw her trinkums on her back,
She's feyne enough for t' squire;
A sairy weyfe, I trow, she'd mak,
At cudn't muck a byre.

But, whisht ! here comes my titty Greace,
She'll guess what we're about—
To mworn-o'mworn, i' this seame pleace,
We'll hae the stwory out.

December 19, 1801.



BALLAD II.

BARBARY BELL.

TUNE,—“ *Cuddle and cuddle us aw thegether.*”

OH, but this luive is a serious thing!

It's the beginner o' monie waes;

And yen had as guid in a helter swing,

As luik at a bonny feace now-a-days:

Was there ever peer deevil sae fash'd as me?

Nobbet sit your ways still, the truth I's tell,

For I wish I'd been hung on our codlen tree,

The varra furst time I seed *Barbary Bell*.

Quite lish, and nit ovr thrang wi' wark,

I went my ways down to Carel fair*,

Wi' bran new cwoat, and brave ruff'd sark,

And Dicky the shaver pat flour i' my hair:

Our seyde lads are aw for fun,

Some tuik ceyder, and some drank yell;

Diddlen Deavie he strack up a tune,

And I caper'd away wi' *Barbary Bell*.

.....

* See Note II

Says I, ‘Bab,’ says I, ‘we’ll de weel eneugh,
‘For tou can kurn, and darn, and spin;
‘I can deyke, men car-gear, and hod the pleugh;
‘Sae at Whussenday neist we’ll t’ warl begin:
‘I’s turn’d a gay-shen-awt’ neybons say,
‘I sit like a sumph, nae mair mysel,
‘And up or a bed, at heame or away,
‘I think o’ nought but *Barbary Bell*.’

Then whee sud steal in but Rob o’ the Nuik*,
Dick o’ the Steyle, and twee or three mair;
Suin Barb’ry frae off my knee they tuik,
‘Wey, dang it!’ says I, ‘but this is nit fair!’
Robbie he kick’d up a dust in a craek,
And sticks and neeves they went pel-mel,
The bottles forby the clock feace they brack,
But, fares-te-weel, wheyte-fit, *Barbary Bell*.

’Twas nobbet last week, nee langer seyne,
I wheyn’d i’ the nuik, I can’t tell how;
‘Get up,’ says my fadder, ‘and sarra the sweyne;’
‘I’s bravely, Bab!’ says I, ‘how’s tou?’
Neist mworn to t’ cwoals I was fwore’d to gang,
But cowp’d the cars at Tindie-Fell,
For I cruin’d aw the way, as I trotted alang,
‘O that I’d niver kent *Barbary Bell*!’



* See Note III.

That verra seame neet, up to Barbary' house,
 When aw t'auld fwok were liggin asleep,
 I off wi' my clogs, and, as whisht as a mouse,
 Claver'd up to the window, and tuik a peep;
 There whee sud I see, but Watty the laird—
 Od wheyte leet on him! I munnet tell!
 But, on Satterday neist, if I live and be spar'd,
 I'll wear a reed cwot for *Barbary Bell*.

April 14, 1802.



BALLAD III.

Nichol the Newsmonger.



TUNE,—“*The Night before Larry was stretch'd.*”



COME, Nichol, and gi'e us thy cracks,
 I seed te gang down to the smiddy;
 I've fodder'd the naigs and the nowt,
 And wanted to see thee 'at did e.
 Ay, Andrew lad! draw in a stuil,
 And gi'e us a shek o' thy daddle;
 I got aw the news, far and nar*,
 Sae set off as fast's e could waddle.



* See Note IV.

In France they've but sworrofu' times,
For Bonnyprat's * nit as he sud be ;
America's nobbet sae sae ;
And England nit quite as she mud be :
Sad wark there's amang blacks and wheytes †,
Sec tellin plain teales to their feaces,
Wi' murders, and wars, and aw that—
But, hod—I forget where the pleace is.

Our parson he gat drunk as muck,
Then ledder'd aw t' lads round about him ;
They said he was nobbet hawf reet,
And fwok mud as weel be widout him :
The yell's to be fourpence a whart—
Odswinge, lad, there will be rare drinking !
Billy Pitt's mad as onie March hare,
And niver was reet, fwok are thinking.

A weddin we'll hev or it's lang,
Wi' Bet Brag and lal Tommy Tagwall ;
Jack Bunton's far off to the sea—
It'll e'en be the deeth of our Sally ;
The clogger has bowt a new wig ;
Dalston singers come here agean Sunday ;
Lord Nelson's ta'en three Spanish fleets,
And the dauncin schuil opens on Monday.



* Bonaparte. † Alluding to the insurrection of the blacks

Carel badgers are monstrous sad fwok,
 The silly peer de'ils how they wring up !
 Lal bairns ha'e got pox frae the kye*,
 And fact'ries, like mushrooms, they spring up;
 If they sud keep their feet for a while,
 And government nobbet pruive civil,
 They'll buid up as hee as the muin,
 For Carel's a match for the deevil.

The king's meade a bit of a speech,
 And gentlefwok say it's a topper ;
 A : alderman deet tudder neet,
 Efter eatin' a turkey to supper ;
 Our squire's to be parliment man,
 Mess, lad, but he'll keep them aw busy !
 Whee thinks te's come heame i' the cwoach,
 Frae Lunnon, but grater-feac'd Lizzy.

The cock-feghts are ninth o' neist month,
 I've twee, nit aw England can bang them ;
 In Ireland they're aw up in arms,
 It's whop'd there's nee Frenchmen amang them ;
 A boggle's been seen wi' twee heads†,
 Lord help us ! ayont Wully Carras,
 Wi' girt saucer een, and a tail—
 They dui say 'twas auld Jobby Barras.



* Cow Pox.

† See Note V.

The muin was at full this neet week ;
The weather is turn'd monstrous daggy ;
I' th' loft, just at seeven last neeght,
Lal Stephen sweethearted lang Aggy :
There'll be bonny wark bye and bye,
The truth 'il be out there's nee fear on't,
But I uiver say naught, nae, nit I,
For fear hawf the parish sud hear on't.

Our Tib at the cwose-house has been,
She tells us they're aw monstrous murry ;
At Carel the brig's tummel'd down,
And they tek the fwok ovr in a whurry ;
I carried our whye to the bull ;
They've ta'en seeven spies up at Dover ;
My fadder compleens of his hip ;
And the Grand Turk has enter'd Hanover.

Daft Peg's got hersel, man, wi' bairn,
And silly pilgarlic's the fadder ;
Lal Sim's geane and swapp'd the black cowl,
And cwoley has wurried the wedder :
My mudder has got frostet heels,
And peace is the talk of the nation,
For papers says varra neist week,
There's to be a grand humiliation*.



* Illumination.

Aunt Meable has lost her best sark,
 And Cleentie is bleam'd v'arra mickle;
 Nought's seafe out o' duirs now-a-days,
 Frae a millstone e'en down to a sickle;
 The clock it streykes eight, I mun heame,
 Or I's git a deuce of a fratchin;
 When neist we've a few hours to spare,
 We'll fin out what mischief's a hatchin.

July 5, 1807.



BALLAD IV.

THE WORTON WEDDING.



TUNE,—“*Dainty Dary*”.



O, sec a weddin I've been at*!
 De'il bin, what cap'rin, feghtin, vap'rin†!
 Priest and clerk, and aw gat drunk—
 Rare deins there war there:



* See Note VI.

† See Note VII.

The *Thuirsbys* lads they fit the best ;
 The *Worton weavers* drank the meast ;
 But *Brough-seyde lairds* bang'd aw the rest,
 For braggin o' their gear,
 And singin,—Whurry whum, whuddle whum,
 Whulty, whalty, wha, wha, wha,
 And derry dum, diddle dum,
 Derry eyden dee.

Furst helter skelter frae the kurk ;
 Some off like fire, thro' dub and mire :
 ' Deil tek the hindmost !' Mere' lad cries—
 Suin head owre heels he flew :
 ' God speed ye weel,' the priest rwoar'd out,
 ' Or neet we's ha'e a hearty bout'—
 Peer Meer' lad gat a bleaken'd snout—
 He'd mickle cause to rue—
 It spoil'd his—Whurry whum, &c.

When on the teable furst they set
 The butter'd sops, sec greasy chops,
 'Tween lug and laggen ! Oh what fun,
 To see them girn and eat !
 Then lispin Isbel talk'd sae feyne,
 'Twas ' vathly thockin* thuth to dine ;
 ' Theek griveth † wark, to eat like thweyne ‡ !'
 It made her sick to see't ;
 Then we sung—Whurry whum, &c.



* Vastly shocking. † Such grievous. ‡ Swine.

Neist stut'rin Cursty up he ruse,
Wi' *a-a-a*, and *ba-ba-ba*;
He'd kiss Jen Jakes, for aw lang seyne,
And fearfu' wark meade he;
But Cursty, souple gammerstang
Ned Wulson brong his lug a whang;
Then owre he flew, the peets amang,
And grean'd as he wad dee;
But some sang—Whurry whum, &c.

Aunt Ester spoil'd the gurdle ceakes,
The speyce left out, was wrang, nae doubt;
Tim Trummel tulk nine cups o' tea,
And fairly capp'd them aw:
The kiss went roun; but Sally Slee,
When Trummel cleek'd her on his knee,
She dunch'd and punch'd, cried 'fuil, let be!'
Then strack him owre the jaw,
And we sang—Whurry whum, &c.

Far maist I leugh at Grizzy Brown,
Frae Lunnon town she'd just come down,
In furbelows, and feyne silk gown,
Oh, man, but she was crouse!
Wi' Dick the footman she wad dance,
And 'wonder'd people could so prance;
Then curtchey'd as they dui in France,
And pautet like a geuse,
While aw sang—Whurry whum, &c.

Young sour-milk Sawney, on the stuil,
A whornpeype danc'd, and keav'd and pranc'd ;
He slipp'd, and brak his left-leg shin,
And hirpl'd sair about :
Then cocker Wully lap bawlk heet,
And in his clogs top teyme did beat ;
But Tamer, in her stockin feet,
She bang'd him out and out,
And lilted—Whurry whum, &c.

Now aw began to talk at yence,
O' naigs and kye, and wots and rye,
And laugh'd and jwok'd, and cough'd and smuik'd,
And meade a fearfu' reek ;
The furm it brak, and down they fell,
Lang Isaac leam'd auld grandy Bell ;
They up, and drank het sugar'd yell,
Till monie cud'nt speak.
But some sang—Whurry whum, &c.

The breyde she kest up her accounts
In Rachel' lap, then pou'd her cap ;
The parson' wig stuid aw aji ;
The clark sang Andrew Car ;
Blin Staig, the fiddler, gat a whack,
The bacon fleck fell on his back,
And neist his fiddle-stick they brak,
'Twas weel it was nee war,
For he sang—Whurry whum, &c.

Now on the midden some were laid,
Aw havey, scavey, and kelavey :
The clogger and the teaylear fit,
Peer Snip gat twee black een :
Dick Wawby he began the fray,
But Jemmy Moffet ran away,
And crap owre head amang the hay,
Fwok say nit varra clean ;
Then they sang—Whurry whum, &c.

Neist Windy Wull o' Wample seyde,
He bang'd them aw, beath girt and smaw ;
He flang them east, he flang them west,
And bluidy pates they gat ;
To him they war but caff and san ;
He split the teable wi' his han,
But in the dust wi' dancin Dan,
They brunt his Sunday hat ;
Then aw sang—Whurry whum, &c.

The breyde now thowt it time for bed ;
Her stockin doff'd and flang 't quite soft—
It hat Bess Bleane—Wull Webster blush'd,
And luik'd anudder way ;
The lads down frae the loft did steal ;
The parish howdy, Greacy Peel,
She happ'd her up, aw wish'd her weel,
Then whop'd to meet neist day,
And sing her—Whurry whum, &c.

The best on't was, the parson swore
 ' His wig was lost, a crown it cost,
 He belsh'd and heccupp'd in and out,
 And said it wasn't fair:
 Now day-leet it began to peep,
 'The breydegruim off to bed did creep,
 I trow he waddu't mickle sleep,
 But, whisht!—I'll say nee mair,
 Nobbet sing—Whurry whum, &c.

July 10, 1802.



BALLAD V.

SALLY GRAY.



TUNE,—“*The mucking o' Gwordie's byre.*”



COME, Deavie, I'll tell thee a secret,
 But thou mun lock't up i' thee breast,
 I wadden't for aw Dalston parish,
 It com to the ears of the rest;
 Now I'll hod tee a bit of a weager,
 A groat to thy tuppens I'll lay,
 Thou cannot guess whee I's in luive wi',
 And nobbet keep off *Sally Gray*.

There's Cumwhitton, Cumwhinton, Cumranton,
Cumrangen, Cumrew, and Cumcatch,
And monny mair cum's i' the còunty,
But nin wi' Cumdivock can match ;
It's sae neyce to luik owre thè black pasture,
The fells abuin aw, far away—
There is nee sec pleace, nit in England,
For there lives the sweet *Sally Gray*.

I was sebenteen last Collop-Monday*,
And she's just the verra seame yage ;
For ae kiss o' the sweet lips o' Sally,
I'd freely give up a year's wage ;
For in lang winter neets when she's spinnin,
And singin about *Jemmy Gay*,
I keek by the hay-stack, and lissen,
For fain wad I see *Sally Gray*.

Had tou seen her at kurk, man, last Sunday †,
Tou cou'dn't ha'e thought o' the text ;
But she sat neist to Tom o' the Lonnin,
Tou may think that meade me quite vext ;
Then I pass'd her gawn owre the lang meadow,
Says I, ' Here's a canny wet day !'
I wad ha'e said mair, but how cou'd e,
When luikin at sweet *Sally Gray* !



* Note VIII.

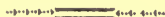
† Note IX.

I caw'd to sup cruds wi' Dick Miller,
And hear aw his cracks and his jwokes,
The dumb wife was tellin their fortunes*,
What ! I mud be like other fwokes :
Wi' chalk on a pair of auld bellows,
Twee letters she meade in her way,
S means *Sally* the wide warl owre,
And G stands for nought else bût *Gray*.

O was I but lword o' the manor,
A nabob, or parliment man,
What thousands on thousands I'd gi' her,
Wad she nobbet gi' me her han !
A cwoach and six horses I'd buy her,
And gar fwok stan out o' the way,
Then I'd lowp up behint like a footman—
Oh ! the warl for my sweet *Sally Gray*.

They may brag o' their feyne Carel lasses,
Their feathers, their durtment, and leace :
God help them ! peer deeth-luikin bodies,
Widout a bit reed o' their feace !
But Sally's just like allyblaster,
Her cheeks are twee rrose-buds in May—
O lad ! I cou'd sit here for ever,
And talk about sweet *Sally Gray*.

July 24, 18



* See Note X.

BALLAD VI.

WILL AND KATE.

TUNE,—“*John Anderson my jo.*”

NOW, Kate, full forty years ha'e flown*,
 Sin we met on the green ;
 Frae that to this the saut, saut tear
 Has oft stuid i' my een :
 For when the bairns were some peet-heet,
 Tou kens I leam'd my knee—
 Lal toddlen things, in want o' bread—
 O that went hard wi' me !

Then tou wad cry, ‘ Come, Wully, lad,
 ‘ Keep up thy heart—ne'er fear !
 ‘ Our bits o' bairns 'll scrabble up,
 ‘ Sae dry that sworry tear ;
 ‘ There's Matthew's be an aldermàn ;
 ‘ A bishop we'll mak Guy ;
 ‘ Lal Ned sal be a clogger ;
 ‘ Dick sal work for tee and I.’



* See Note XI.

Then when our crops were spoil'd wi' rain,
Sir Jwohn mud hev his rent;
What cud we de? nee geer had we—
Sae I to jail was sent.

'Twas hard to starve i' sec a pleace,
Widout a frien to trust;
But when I thought o' thee and bairns,
My heart was like to brust.

Neist, Etty GOD was pleas'd to tek,
What then, we'd seeven still;
But whee kens what may happen—suin
The smaw-pox did for Bill:

I think I see his slee-black een,
Then he wad chirm and talk,
And say, Ded, ded; Mam, mam, and aw,
Lang, lang ere he cud walk.

At Carel, when, for six pound ten,
I selt twee Scotty kye,
They pick'd my pocket i' the thrang,
And de'il a plack had I;

'Ne'er ack!' says tou, 'we'll work for mair,'
'It's time eneugh to fret;
'A pun o' sorrow wunnet pay
'Ae single ounce o' debt.'

Now, todlen down the hill o' leyfe,
 Auld yage has brought content;
 And, God be thank'd our bairns are up,
 And pay Sir Jwohn his rent :
 When, seyde by seyde aw day we sit,
 I often think and grieve,
 It's hard that deeth sud part auld fwok,
 When happy then can live.

July 29, 1802.



BALLAD VII.

THE IMPATIENT LASSIE*.



TUNE,—“ *Low down in the broom.*”



DEUCE tek the clock, click-clackin sae,
 Still in a body's ear;
 It tells and tells the time is past,
 When Jwohnie sud been here :
 Deuce tek the wheel, 'twill nit rin roun—
 Nae mair to-neet I'll spin,
 But count each minute wi' a seegh,
 Till Jwohnie he steels in.



* See Note XII.

How neyce the spunky fire it burns,¹
For twee to sit beseyde !
And there's the seat where Jwohnie sits,
And I forget to cheyde !
My fadder, tui, how sweet he snwores !
My mudder fast asleep :
He promis'd oft; but, oh ! I fear
His word he wunnet keep !

What can it be keeps him frae me ?
The ways are nit sae lang,
And sleet and snaw are nought at aw,
If yen were fain to gang !
Some ither lass, wi' bonnier feace,
Has catch'd his wicked e'e,
And I'll be pointed at at kurk—
Nay ! suiner let me dee !

O durst we lasses nobbet gang*
And sweetheart them we leyke,
I'd rin to thee, my Jwohnie lad,
Nor stop at bog or deyke :
But custom's sec a silly thing,
For men mun hae their way,
And monnie a bonny lassy sit,
And wish frae day to day.

...............

* See Note XIII.

But whisht ! I hear my Jwohnie's fit—

Aye ! that's his varra clog !

He steeks the faul yeat softly tui—

O hang that cwoley dog !

Now, hey for seeghs and sugar words,

Wi' kisses nit a few—

O but this warl's a paradise,

When lovers they pruiue true !

July 31, 1802.



BALLAD VIII.

THE BUNDLE OF ODDITIES.



TUNE,—“ *Fie let us a' to the bridal !*”



SIT down, and I'll count owre my sweethearts,

For faith a brave number I've had,

Sin I furst went to schuil wi' Dick Railton,

But Dick's in his greave, honest lad !

I mind, when he cross'd the deep watter,

To get me the shilapple' est,

How he fell owrehead, and I skirl'd sae,

Then off we ran heame, sair distrest.



* See Note XIV.

Then there was a bit of a teaylear,
That work'd at our house a heale week;
He was sheap'd aw the warl like a trippet,
But niver a word durst he speak;
I just think I see how he squinted
At me, when we sat down to meat;
Owre went his het keale on his blue breeks,
And de'il a bit Snippy cud eat.

At partin he poud up his spirits,
Says he, 'Tou hes bodder'd my head,
'And it sheks yen to rags and to tatters,
'To sew wi' a lang double thread:'
Then, in meakin a cwot for my fadder,
(How luive dis the senses deceive)
Forby usin marrowless buttons,
To th' pocket-whol he stitch'd a sleeve*.

The neist was a Whaker, caw'd Jacob,
He turn'd up the wheyte o' his een,
And talk'd about flesh and the spirit—
Thowt I, what can *Gravity* mean?
In dark winter neeghts, i' the lonnins,
He'd weade thro' the durt 'buin his knee,
It cuil'd his het heart, silly gander!
And there let him stowter for me.



* See Note XV.

A lang blue-lipt chap, like a guide-pwost,
 (Lord help us and keep us frae harm !)
Neist talk'd about car-gear and middens,
 And the reet way to manage a farm ;
'Twas last Leady Fair* I leet on him,
 He grumbled and spent hawf-a-crown—
God bless him ! hed he gowd i' gowpens,
 I wadn't ha'e hed sec a clown.

But, stop ! there was lal wee deaf Dicky,
 Wad dance for a heale winter neet,
And at me aw the time wad keep glowrin :
 Peer man, he was nobbet hawf reet !
He grew jealous ó' reed-headed Ellek,
 Wi' a feace like a full harvest muin ;
Sae they fit till they just gat eneugh on't,
 And I laugh'd at beath when 'twas duin.

There's anudder worth aw put together,
 I cud, if I wad, tell his neame ;
He gangs past our house to the market,
 And monie a time he's set me heame.
O wad he but ax me this question,
 ' Will tou be my partner for life ?'
I'd answer widout ony blushes,
 And aye try to mek a guid wife.

August 1, 1802.



* See Note XVI.

BALLAD IX.

LUCKLESS JONATHAN.

TUNE,—“ *Erin go bragh.*”

O HEALE be thy heart! my peer merry auld cronie,
And never may trouble draw tears frae thy e'e;
It's reet, when he can, man sud rise abuin sorrow,
For pity's nit common to peer fwok like me.
When I think how we lap about mountain and meadow,

Like larks in a mwornin, a young happy pair,
Then I luik at mysel, and I see but a shadow,
That's suffer'd sae mickle, it cannot beyde mair.

Tou minds, when I buried my honest auld fadder,
O how cud I ever get owre that sad day!—
His last words were, ‘Jonathan, luik to thy mudder,
‘And God ’ll reward thee!’—nae mair cud he say.
My mudder she stuid, and she fain wad ha’e spoken,
But tears wadn’t let her—O man, it was hard!—
She tuik till her bed, and just thurteen weeks efter,
Was laid down ayont him in Aikton kurk-yard.

My friend, Jemmy Gunston, went owre seas to Indie,
For me, his auld comrade, a venture he’d tak;
I’d scrap’d up a lock money—he gat it—but leately
Peer Jemmy was puzzen’d, they say, by a black:

'Twas nit for my money I fretted, but Jemmy,
 I'll ne'er forget him, as lang as I've breath;
 He said, ' Don't cry, mudder! I'll mek you a leady!'
 But sairy auld Tamer! 'twill e'en be her death.

To mek bad far war, then I courted lal Matty,
 Her bonnie blue een, how they shot to my heart!
 The neet niver com but I went owre to see her,
 And when the clock struck we were sworry to part:
 An aunt ayont Banton a canny house left her,
 (What but health and contentment can money nit
 buy?)
 Wi' laird Hodgson o' Burgh* off she canter'd to *Gretna*,
 The varra seame mworn we our fortune sud try.

'Twas nobbet last Cursmas I fain wad be murry,
 Sae caw'd in Dick Toppin, Tom Clarke, and Jwohn
 Howe;
 We sung, and we crack'd, but lal thowt ere neist
 mwornin,
 That aw our heale onset wad be in a lowe;
 They gat me poud out, and reet weel I remember,
 I stamp'd, ay, like mad, when the sad seet I saw,
 For that was the pplace my grandfadder was bworn in†,
 Forbye my twee uncles, my fadder and aw.

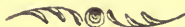


* See Note XVII.

† See Note XVIII.

Now, widout owther fadder, or mudder, or sweetheart,
A friend, or a shelter to cover my head,
I mazle and wander, nor ken what I's dein,
And wad, (if I nobbet durst), wish I were dead.
O heale be thy heart! my peer merry auld cronie,
And niver may trouble draw tears frae thy e'e;
It's reet, when he can, man sud rise abuin sorrow,
For pity's nit common to peer fwok like me.

August 1, 1802.



BALLAD X.

DICK WATTERS.



TUNE,—“*Crowdy.*”



O, Jenny! Jenny! where's tou been?
Thy fadder is just mad at tee;
He seed somebody i' the croft,
And guldens as he'd worry me.
O monie are a mudder's whopes,
And monie are a mudder's fears,
And monie a bitter, bitter pang,
Beath suin and late her bosom tears!

We brong thee up, pat thee to schuil,
And clead thee weel as peer fwok can;
We larn'd thee beath to dance and read,
But now tou's crazy for a man.

O, monie, &c.

When tou was young, and at my knee,
I dwoated on thee, day and neet;
But now tou's rakin, rakin still,
And niver, niver i' thy seet.

O, monie, &c.

Tou's proud, and past aw guid adveyce—
Yen mud as weel speak till a stean;
Still, still thy awn way, reet or wrang—
Mess, but tou'll rue't when I am geane!

O, monie, &c.

Dick Watters, I ha'e telt thee oft,
Ne'er means to be a son o' mine;
He seeks thy ruin sure as deeth,
Then like Bet Baxter tou may whine.

O, monie, &c.

Thy fadder's comin frae the croft,
A bonny hunsup faith he'll mek;
Put on thy clogs and auld blue brat—
Heaste, Jenny, heaste! he lifts the sneck!

August 2, 1802.

O, monie, &c.



BALLAD XI.

THE LASS ABUIN THIRTY.



TUNE,—“ *Jocky's grey breeks.*”



I'VE wonder'd sin I kent mysel,
What keeps the men fwok aw frae me ;
I's as guid-like as cousin Tib,
And she can ha'e her choice o' three ;
For me, still moilin by mysel,
Life's just a bitter widout sweets ;
The simmer brings nae pleasant days,
And winter tires wi' lang, lang neets.

I had some whopes o' Wully yence,
And Wully was the only yen ;
I dreamt and dreamt about him lang,
But whopes and Wully aw are geane :
A kiss he'd hev, I gev him twee,
Reeght weel I mind amang the hay ;
Neist time we met, he glump'd and gloom'd,
And turn'd his head anither way.

A feyne pink sash my uncle sent
Frae Lunnon yence; about my waist,
I wore't and wore't, but de'il a lad
At me or sash a luik e'er cast :

My yellow gown I thought was sure
To catch some yen at Carel Fair,
But, oh fareweel to gown and sash,
I'll niver, niver wear them mair !

The throssle, when cauld winter's geane,
Aye in our worchet welcomes spring ;—
It mun be luive, did we but ken,
Gars him aroun his partner siug.

The cock and hen, the duck and drake,
Nay e'en the smawest birds that flee,
Ilk thing that lives can get a mate,
Except sec sworry things as me.

I often think how married fwok
Mun lead a sweet and happy life;
The prattlin bairns rin toddlin roun,
And tie the husband to the wife :

Then, oh ! what joy when neet draws on !
She meets him gangen frae his wark :
But nin can tell what cheerfu' cracks
The tweesome ha'e lang efter dark.

The wise man lives nit far frae this,
 I'll hunt him out suin as I can;
 He telt Nan Dobson whee she'd wed,
 And I'm as likely, sure, as Nan.
 But still, still moilin by mysel,
 Life's just a bitter widout sweets:
 The summer brings nae pleasant days,
 And winter tires wi' lang, lang neets!

August 3, 1802.



BALLAD XII.

TOM LINTON.



TUNE,—“*Come under my plaidie.*”



TOM LINTON was bworn till a brave canny fortune,
 His auld fadder screap'd aw the gear up he cud;
 But Tom, country booby, luik'd owre hee abuin him,
 And mix'd wi' the bad, nor e'er heeded the good.
 At the Town he'd whore, gammle, play hell, and the
 deevil,
 He wad hev his caper, nor car'd how it com;
 Then he mud hev his greyhounds, guns, setter, and
 hunter,
 And king o' the cockers they aw cursen'd Tom.

I think I just see how the lads wad flock roun him,
And oh they were fain to shek Tom by the han !
Then he'd tell how he fit wi' the barbers and bullies,
And drank wi' the waiter till nowther cud stan :
His watch he wad shew, and his lists o' the horses,
And pou out a guinea, and offer to lay,
Till our peer country lads grew uneasy and lazy,
And Tom cud ha'e coax'd hawf the parish away.

Then he drank wi' the squire, and laugh'd wid his wor-
ship,
And talk'd of the duke, and the deevil kens whee ;
He gat aw the the new-fangl'd oaths i' the nation,
And mock'd a peer beggar man wanting an e'e.
His fields they were mortgag'd ;—abuot it was whis-
per'd ;—
A farmer was robb'd nit owre far frae his house ;
At last aw was selt his auld fadder had toil'd for,
And silly Tom Linton left nit worth a sous.

His fortune aw spent, what ! he'd ha'e the laird's dow-
ter,
But she pack'd him off wid a flee in his ear ;
Neist thing, an auld comrade for money Tom borrow'd
E'en pat him in prison, and bad him lig there :
At last he gat out, efter lang he had suffer'd,
And sair had repented the sad life he'd led :
Widout shoon till his feet, in a soldier's auld jacket,
He works on the turnpike reet hard for his bread.

Now folly seen into, ragg'd, peer, and down-hearted,
 He toils and he frets, and keen wants daily press;
 If cronies ride by, wey, alas! they've forgot him,
 For whee can remember auld friends in distress?
 O pity, what pity, that, in every county
 Sae monie *Tom Lintons may always be found!
 Deuce tek aw girt nwotions, and whurligig fashions,
 Contentment's a kingdom, aye, aw the warl round!

August 4, 1802.



BALLAD XIII.

THE HAPPY FAMILY†.



TUNE,—“*O'er bogie.*”



THE hollow blast blows owre the hill,
 And comin down's the sleet;
 God help them, widout house or hauld,
 This dark and stormy meet!
 Come, Jobby, gi'e the fire a prod,
 Then steek the entry duir;
 It's wise to keep cauld winter ont,
 When we ha'e't in our pow'r.



* See Note XIX.

† See Note XX.

Heaste, Jenny ! put the bairns to bed,
And mind they say their pray'rs ;
Sweet innocents ! their heads yence down,
They sleep away their cares !

But gi' them furst a butter-shag,
When young, they munnet want,
Nor ever sal a bairn o' mine,
While I've a bite to grant.

O wife ! that weary rheumatism,
E'en gars thee luik but thin ;
I mind when tou was fresh and fair,
And fattest o' thy kin ;

But yage comes on, dui what we can ;
We munnet think it hard :
A week at Gilsland tou salt try,
Neist summer, if we're spar'd.

Now, seated at my awn fire-nuik,
Content as onie king,
For hawf an hour afwore we sleep,
Bess, quit thy wark and sing :

Try that about the beggar lass,
'Twill please thy mudder best,
For she, tou kens, can always feel
For peer fwok when distrest.

Nay, what its owre! tou cannot sing,
But weel I guess the cause;
Young Wulliam sud ha'e come to neet,
Consider, lass, it snaws!

Another neet 'll suin be here,
Sae divvent freet and whine:
Co' when he will, he's welcome still
To onie bairn o' mine.

I'll ne'er forget, when we were young,
(Thy mudder kens as weel,)
We met but yence a month, and then
Out she was fworc'd to steal:

The happiest day we e'er had known,
Was when I caw'd her mine,
But monie a thousand happier days
We beath ha'e kent sin-syne.

August 5, 1802.



BALLAD XIV.

THE AUTHOR ON HIMSELF.

+

TUNE,—“ *The Campbells are coming.*”

O, EDEN! whenever I range thy green banks,
 And view aw the scenes o' my infantine pranks,
 Where wi' pleasure I spworted, ere sorrow began,
 I sigh to trace onward frae boy to the man:
 To memory dear are the days o' yen's youth,
 When, enraptur'd, we luik'd at each object wi' truth,
 And, like fairies, a thousand wild frolics we play'd—
 But manhood has chang'd what youth fondly pour-
 tray'd.

I think o' my playmates*, dear imps, I lov'd best!
 Now divided, like larks efter leaving the nest!
 How we trembl'd to schuil, and wi' copy and buik,
 Oft read our hard fate in the maister's stern luik;
 In summer, let lowse, how we brush'd thro' the wood,
 And meade seevy caps on the brink o' the flood;
 Or watch'd the seap-bubbles, or ran wi' the kite,
 Or launch'd paper navies, how dear the delight!

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\* See Note XXII.

There was *Jock Smith* the *boggle*,—I mind him reet weel,

We twee to Blain's hay-loft together wad steal ;  
And of giants, ghosts, witches, and fairies oft read,  
Till sae freeten'd, we hardly durst creep off to bed :  
Then, in winter, we'd caw out the lasses to play,  
And tell them the muin shone as breet as the day ;  
Or scamper, like wild things, at hunting the hare,  
Tig-touch-wood, four corners, or twenty gams mair.

Then my fadder, God bless him ! at thurteen oft said,  
' My lad, I mun get thee a bit of a trade ;  
' O, cud I afford it, mair larnin thou'd get !'  
But peer was my fadder, and I's unlarned yet.  
And then my furst sweetheart, an angel was she !  
But I only meade luive thro' the tail o' my e'e :  
I mind when I met her I panted to speak,  
But stood silent, and blushes spread aw owre my  
cheek.

At last, aw the play-things o' youth laid aside,  
Now luive, whope, and fear did my moments divide,  
And wi' rest'less ambition deep sorrow began,  
But I sigh to trace onward frae boy to the man :  
To memory dear are the days o' yea's youth,  
When, enraptur'd, we lik'd at ilk object wi' truth,  
And, like fairies, a thousand wild frolics we play'd—  
But manhood has chang'd what youth fondly pour-  
tray'd.

*August 5, 1802.*

## BALLAD XV.

## PEACE.



TUNE,—“ *There’s nae luck about the house.*”



NOW, God be prais’d, we’ve peace at last,  
For Nichol he’s been down,  
And sec a durdum, Nichol says,  
They’ve had in Lunnon town;  
The king thought war wad ruin aw,  
And Bonnyprat the seame,  
And some say teane, and some say beath  
Ha’e long been much to bleame.

Now monie a wife will weep for joy\*,  
And monie a bairn be fain,  
To see the fadders they’d forgot,  
Come safe and sound again;  
And monie a yen will watch in vain,  
Wi’ painfu’ whopes and fears,  
And oft the guilty wretches bleame,  
That set fwok by the ears.



\* See Note XXI.



My cousin Tommy went to sea,  
And lost his left-hand thum;  
He tells sec teales about the fight,  
They mek us aw sit dum:

He says, it is reet fearfu' wark,  
For them that's fworc'd to see't—  
The bullets whuzzing past yen's lugs,  
And droppin down like sleet.

But Peter, our peer sarvent man,  
Was far owre proud to work;  
'They said a captain he sud be,  
Along wi't' Duke o' York;

Wi' powder'd head away he march'd,  
And gat a wooden leg;  
But monie a time he's rued sin-syne,  
For now he's fworc'd to beg.

Ay, but our Sally wull be fain,  
Sud Lanty but come back!  
Then owre the fire, i' winter neets,  
We wull ha'e monie a crack;

He'll tell us aw the ins and outs,  
For he can write and read;  
But Sally's heart for sure 'll brek,  
If he's amang the dead.

O ! but I us'd to wonder much,  
 And think what thousands fell ;  
 Now what they've aw been fechtin for,  
 The de'il a yen can tell :

But, God be prais'd ! we've peace at last,  
 The news has spread afar ;  
 O may our bairns 'and bairns' bairns hear  
 Nae mair o' murd'rous war !

*August 6, 1802.*



## BALLAD XVI.

### THE CUMBERLAND FARMER.



I'VE thought and I've thought, ay agean and agean,  
 Sin I was peat-heet, now I see it quite plain,  
 That farmers \* are happier far, tho' we're peer,  
 Than thur they caw gentlefwok, wi' aw their gear ;  
 Then why about riches aye inek sec a fuss,  
 Gi'e us meat, drink, and cleeding, it's plenty for us :  
 Frae the prince to the ploughman, ilk hes but his day,  
 And when Deeth gi'es a beckon we aw mun obey.



\* See Note XXIII.

There's our 'squire, wi' his thousand's, jant jantin about  
What! he'd gi'e aw his gear to get shot o' the gout:  
Nowther heart-ach nor gout e'er wi' rakin had I,  
For labour brings that aw his gold cannot buy:  
Then he'll say to me, 'Jacob, thou whussels and sings,  
'Mess, lad, but you've ten times mair pleasure than  
kings;

'I mean honest simplicity, freedom, and health;  
'These are dearer to man than the trappins o'wealth.'

Can ought be mair sweet than, like larks in a mworn,  
To rise wi' the sunshine, and luik at the cworn?  
Tho' in winter, its true, dull and lang are the neets,  
But thro' life fwok man aye tek the bitters wi' sweets.  
When God grants us plenty, and hous'd are the crops,  
How we feast on cruds, collops, and guid butter-sops.  
Let your feyne fwok in town brag o' dainties whee will,  
Content and the country for my money still.

They may tell o' their gardens as lang as they like,  
Don't the flow'rs blaim as fair under ony thworn dike?  
The de'il a guid bite they wad e'er get I trow,  
Wer't not for the peer man that follows the plough.  
If we nobbet get plenty to pay the laird's rent,  
And keep the bairns teydey, we aye sleep content;  
Then, ye girt little fwok, niver happy in town,  
Blush, blush, when ye laugh at a peer country clown.

*August 25, 1802.*



## BALLAD XVII.

## THE DISAPPOINTMENT.



TUNE,—“*Etrick banks.*”



THE muin shone breet at nine last neet,  
When Jemmy Sharp com owre the muir;  
Weel did I ken a lover's fit,  
And heard him softly tap the duir:  
My fadder started i' the nuik,  
‘Rin, Jenny! see what's that,’ he said:  
I whisper'd, ‘Jemmy, come to-mworn,’  
And then a leame excuse suin meade.

I went to bed, but cudn't sleep,  
This luive sae breks a body's rest;  
The mwornin dawn'd, then up I gat,  
And seegh'd, and aye luik'd tow'rd the west;  
But when far off I saw the wood,  
Where he unlock'd his heart to me,  
I thought o' monie a happy hour,  
And then a tear gush'd frae my e'e.

To-neet my fadder's far frae heame,  
 And wunnet come this three hours yet;  
 But, O! it pours, and I'd be leath  
 That Jemmy sud for me get wet!  
 Yet, if he dis, guid heame-brew'd yell  
 Will warm his chearfu' honest heart;  
 Wi' him, my varra life o' life!  
 It's fain to meet, but leath to part.

*August 28, 1802.*



## BALLAD XVIII.

### AULD MARGET.



AULD MARGET, in the fauld she sits,  
 And spins, and sings, and smuiks by fits,  
 And cries, as she had lost her wits—

‘O this weary, weary warl \*!’

Yence Marget was as lish a lass  
 As e'er in summer trod the grass:  
 But fearfu' changes come to pass  
 In this weary, weary warl!

Then at a murry-neet or fair,  
 Her beauty made the young fwok stare;  
 Now wrinkl'd is that feace wi' care—  
 O this weary, weary warl!



\* See Note XXIV.

Yence Marget she had dowters twee,  
And bonnier lasses cudna be ;  
Now nowther kith nor kin has she—  
O this weary, weary warl !

The eldest wi' a soldier gay,  
Ran frae her heame ae luckless day,  
And e'en lies buried far away—  
O this weary, weary warl !

The youngest she did nought but whine,  
And for the lads wad fret and pine,  
Till hurried off by a decline—  
O this weary, weary warl !

Auld Andrew toil'd reet sair for bread ;  
Ae neet they fan him cauld, cauld dead,  
Nae wonder that turu'd Marget's head—  
O this weary, weary warl !

Peer Marget ! oft I pity thee,  
Wi' care-worn cheek and hollow e'e,  
Bow'd down by yage and poverty—  
O this weary, weary warl !

*August 28, 1892.*



## BALLAD XIX.

## FIRST LUIVE.



TUNE,—“ *Cold and raw.*”



IT'S just three weeks sin' Carel fair,  
    'This sixteenth o' September;  
There the furst loff of a sweetheart I gat,  
    Sae that day I'll remember.

This luive meks yen stupid—ever sin seyne  
    I's thinkin and thinkin o' Wully;  
I dung owre the knop, and scawder'd my fit,  
    And cut aw my thoum wi' the gully.

O, how he danc'd! and, O how he talk'd!  
    For my life I cannot forget him;  
He wad hev a kiss—I gev him a slap—  
    But if he were here I'd let him.

Says he, ‘ Mally Maudlin, my heart is thine!’  
    And he brong sec a seega, I believ'd him:  
Thought I, Wully Wintrep, thou's welcome to  
    mine,  
    But my head I hung down to deceive him.

Twée yards o' reed ribbon to wear for his seake,  
Forby ledder mittens, he bought me ;  
But when we were thinkin o'nought but luive,  
My titty, de'il bin ! com and sought me :

The deuce tek aw clashes ! off she ran heame,  
And e'en telt my tarn'd auld mudder ;  
There's sec a te-dui—but let them fratch on—  
Miss him, I'll ne'er get sec anudder !

Neist Sunday, God wullin ! we promis'd to meet,  
I'll get frae our tweesome a baitin ;  
But a lee mun patch up, be't rang or be't reet,  
For Wully he sha'not stan waitin :

The days they seem lang, and lang are the neets,  
And, waes me ! this is bnt Monday !  
I seegh, and I think, and I say to mysel,  
O that to-morrow were Sunday !

*September 16, 1802.*





## BALLAD XX.

LAL STEPHEN.

TUNE,—“ *Hallow Fair.*”

LAL STEPHEN\* was bworn at Kurkbanton,  
 Just five feet three inches was he;  
 But at ploughin, or mowin, or shearin,  
 His match you but seldom cud see:

Then at dancin, O he was a capper!  
 He'd shuffle and lowp till he sweat;  
 And for singin he ne'er had a marrow,  
 I just think I hear his voice yet.

And then wid a sleate and a pencil,  
 He capp'd aw our lained young lairds;  
 And play'd on twee jew-trumps together,  
 And aye com off winner at cards.

At huntin a brock, or an otter,  
 At trackin a foumert or hare,  
 At pittin a cock, or at shootin,  
 Nae lad cud wi' Stephen compare.

\* See Note XXV.

And then he wad fecht like a fury,  
And count, fast as hops, aw the stars ;  
And read aw the news i' the paper,  
And talk about weddins and wars ;

And then he wad drink like a Briton,  
And spend the last penny he had,  
And aw the peer lasses about him,  
For Stephen were runnin stark mad.

Our Jenny she writ him a letter,  
And monie a feyne thing she said,  
But my fadder he just gat a gliff on't,  
And faith a rare durdum he meade ;

Then Debby, that liv'd at Drumleenin,  
She wad hev him aw till hersel,  
For ae neet when he stuil owre to see her,  
Wi' sugar she sweetn'd his keale.

Then Judy she darn'd aw his stockings,  
And Sally she meade him a sark,  
And Lizzy, the laird's youngest dovter,  
Kens weel whee she met efter dark ;

Aunt Ann, o' the wraug seyde o' fifty,  
E'en thought him the flow'r o' the flock—  
Nay, to count yen by yen aw his sweethearts,  
Wad tek a full hour by the clock.

O ! but I was vex'd to hear tell on't,  
 When Nichol the teydins he brought,  
 That Stephen was geane for a sowdger—  
 Our Jenny she gowl'd, ay, like ought.

Sin' that we've nae spwort efter supper,  
 We nowther get sang or a crack ;  
 Our lasses sit beytin their fingers,  
 Aw wishin for Stepen seafe back.

November 15, 1802.



## BALLAD XXI.

### THE BASHFU' WOOER.



TUNE,—“ *Dainty Davy*”.



WHENE'ER ye come to woo me, Tom,  
 Dunnet at the window tap,  
 Or cough, or hem, or gi'e a clap,  
 To let my fadder hear man ;  
 He's auld, and feal'd, and wants his sleep,  
 Sae by the hallan softly creep,  
 Ye need nae watch, and glowre and peep,  
 I'll meet ye, niver fear man.

If a lassie ye wou'd win,  
Be cheerfu' iver, bashfu' niver;  
Ilka Jock may get a Jen,  
If he has sense to try, man.

Whene'er we at the market meet,  
Dunnet luik like yen hawf daft,  
Or talk about the cauld and heat,  
As ye were weather-wise, man;  
Hod up your head, and bauldly speak,  
And keep the blushes frae yer cheek,  
For he whee hes his teale to seek,  
We lasses aw despise, man.  
If a lassie, &c.

I met ye leately, aw yer leane,  
Ye seem'd like yen stown frae the dead,  
Yer teeth e'en chatter'd i' yer head,  
But ne'er a word o' luive, man;  
I spak, ye luik'd anudder way,  
Then trimmel'd as ye'd got a flay,  
And owre yer shou'ders cried, 'guid day,'  
Nor yence to win me struive, man.  
If a lassie, &c.

My aunty left me threeswore pun,  
But de'il a yen of aw the men,  
Till then, did bare-legg'd Elcy ken,  
Or care a stree for me, man;

Now, tiggin at me suin and late,  
 They're cleekin but the yellow bait;  
 Yet, mind me, Tom, I needn't wait,  
     When I ha'e choice o' three, man.  
If a lassie, &c.

There lives a lad owre yonder muir,  
 He hes nae faut but yen—he's puir;  
     Whene'er we meet, wi' kisses sweet,  
     He's like to be my deeth, man;  
 And there's a lad ahint yon trees,  
 Wad weade for me abuin the knees;  
 Sae tell your mind, or, if ye please,  
     Nae langer fash us beath, man.

*Jan. 5, 1803.]*

*If a lassie, &c.*



## BALLAD XXII.

### THE AUNTY.



WE'VE roughness amang hands, we've kye i'the  
     byre,  
 Come live wi' us, lassie, it's aw I desire;  
 I'll lig i' the loft, and gi'e my bed to thee,  
 Nor sal ought else be wantin that guidness can gi'e:  
 Sin the last o' thy kin, thy peer aunty, we've lost,  
 Thou freets aw the day, and e'en luiks like a ghost.

I mind, when she sat i' the nuik at her wheel,  
How she'd tweyne the slow thread, and aye counsel  
us weel,

Then oft whisper me, ' Thou wad mek a top wife,  
' And pray God to see thee weel sattl'd for life ;'  
Then what brave funny teales she cud tell the neet  
through,  
And wad bless the peer fwok, if the stormy win blew.

That time when we saunter'd owre leate at the town,  
'Twas the day, I weel mind, when tou gat thy chintz  
gown,

For the watters were up, and pick dark was the neet,  
And she lissen'd and cry'd, and thought aw was'nt  
reet;

But, oh ! when you met, what a luik did she give !—  
I can niver forget her as lang as I live.

How I like thee, dear lassie ! thou's oft heard me tell ;  
Nay, I like thee far better than I like mysel ;  
And when sorrow forseakes thee, to kurk we'll e'en  
gang,

But tou munnet sit pinin thy leane aw day lang ;  
Come owre the geate, lassie, my titty sal be  
A companion to her that's aye dearest to me.

*January 6, 1803.*



## BALLAD XXIII.

## THE RURAL VISIT.

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TUNE,—“*The sutor's dower.*”

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I WENT to see young Susy,  
Bonny, teydey, blithe was she ;  
I slyly kiss'd her cherry lips,  
And mark'd the magic o' her e'e,  
That in my fancy rais'd desire ;

But purer passion never burn'd  
In onie lover's bosom ;  
And aye may sorrow wet his cheek,  
Who'd crush sae rare a blossom !

And now the rwsie lassie  
The cleath she laid, and teable spread  
Wi' monie a dainty quickly,  
And monie a welcome thing she said ;  
But nit sae sweet the honeycwom,

As Susy's temptin cherry lips,  
That fir'd at once my bosom :  
O may no rude destroyer dare  
To crop sae fair a blossom !

And now, to greet the stranger,  
The wearied auld fwok dander'd heame,  
And village news recounted :  
The guid man bade his sonsy deame  
Trim up the fire and mek the tea ;

The gurdle-cakes, as Susy turn'd,  
I watch'd her heaving bosom,  
And pleasure beam'd in ilka feace,  
To see sae sweet a blossom.

And now, to please the auld fwok,  
The sang and teale went gaily round,  
Till Neet had drawn her curtain  
Some five full hours ; I ruse, and fan  
Young Susy half consenting

To set me out a mile o'geate\* ;  
I held her to my bosom,  
And, parting, kiss'd, and pray'd kind Heav'n  
To guard this beauteous blossom.

*January 8, 1803.*



\* See Note XXVI.





## BALLAD XXIV.

WATTY.

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TUNE,—“*The lads o’ Dunc.*”

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IF you ax where I come frae, I say the fell seyde,  
 Where fadder and mudder, and honest fwok beyde;  
 And my sweetheart, O bless her! she thought nin  
     leyke me,  
 For when we shuik hands the tear gush’d frae her e’e.  
 Says I, ‘I mun e’en get a spot if I can,  
 ‘But, whatever beteyde me, I’ll think o’ thee Nan.’

Nan was a perfeet beauty, wi’ twee checks like codlin  
 blossoms: the varra seet on her meade my mouth aw  
 watter ‘Fares-te-weel, Watty!’ says she; ‘tou’s a  
 wag amang t’ lasses, and I’ll see thee nae mair!’—  
 ‘Nay, dunnet gowl, Nan!’ says I,

‘For, mappen, ere lang, I’s be maister mysel;’  
 Sae we buss’d, and I tuik a last luik at the fell.

On I whussl’d and wonder’d—my bundle I flung  
 Owre my shon’dēr, when Cwoley he efter me sprung.  
 And howl’d, silly fellow! and fawn’d at my fit,  
 As if to say, Watty, we munnet part yet!

At Carel I stuid wi' a strae i' my mouth\*,  
And they tuik me, nae doubt, for a promisin youth.

The weyves com roun me in clusters: 'What weage dus te ax, canny lad?' says yen. 'Wey, three pun and a crown; wunnet beate a hair o' my beard.'—'What can te dui?' says anudder. 'Dui! wey I can plongh, sow, mow, sheer, thresh, dike, milk, kurn, muck a byre, sing a psalm, mend car-gear, dance a whornpeype, nick a naig's tail, hunt a brock, or feght iver a yen o' my weight in aw Croglin parish.'

An auld bearded hussey suin caw'd me her man;  
But that day, I may say't, aw my sorrows began.

Furst, Cwoley, peer fellow! they hang'd i' the street,  
And skinn'd, God forgi'e them! for shoon to their feet.  
I cry'd, and they caw'd me peer hawf-witted clown,  
And banter'd and follow'd me aw up and down:  
Neist my deame she e'en starv'd me, that niver liv'd weel;  
Her hard words and luiks wou'd ha'e freeten'd the de'il:—

She had a lang beard, for aw t' warl like a billy goat, wi' a kiln-dried frosty feace: and then the smawcst leg o' mutton in aw Carel market sarrad the cat, me, and her for a week. The bairns meade sec gam on us, and thunder'd at the rapper, as if to waken a corp: when I opened the duir, they threw stour i' my cen, and caw'd me daft Watty;



\* See Note XXVII.

Sae I pack'd up my duds when my quarter was out,  
And, wi' weage i' my pocket, I saunter'd about.

Suin my reet-hand breek pocket they pick'd in a fray,  
And wi' fifteen wheyte shillins they slipp'd clean away,  
Forby my twee letters frae mudder and Nan,  
Where they said Carel lasses wad Watty trapan:  
But 'twould tek a lang day just to tell what I saw,  
How I sceap'd frae the gallows, the sowdgers and aw.

Ay, there were some forgery chaps bad me just sign my  
neame. 'Nay,' says I, 'you've gotten a wrang pig by  
the lug, for I canno write.' Then a fellow like a lob-  
ster, aw leac'd and feather'd, ax'd me, 'Watty, wull  
te list? thou's owther be a general or a gomoral.'——  
'Nay, I wunnet—that's plain: I's content wi' a cwoat  
o' mudder's spinnin.'

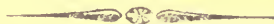
Now, wi' twee groats and tuppence, I'll e'en toddle  
heame,  
But ne'er be a sowdger wheyle Watty's my neame.

How my mudder 'll gowl, and my fadder 'll stare,  
When I tell them peer Cwoley they'll never see mair.  
Then they'll bring me a stuil;—as for Nan, she'll be  
fain,  
When I kiss her, God bless her, agean and agean!  
The barn and the byre, and the auld hollow tree,  
Will just seem like cronies yeu's fidgin to see.

The sheep 'll nit ken Watty's voice now ! The peat-  
 stack we us'd to lake roun 'll be brunt ere this ! As  
 for Nan, she'll be owther married or broken hearted ;  
 but sud aw be weel at Croglin, we'll ha'e feastin, fid-  
 dlin, dancin, drinkin, singin, and smuikin, aye, till  
 aw's blue about us :

Amang aw our ney bors sec wonders I'll tell,  
 But niver mair leave my auld friens or the fell.

*January 10, 1803.*



## BALLAD XXV.

### JENNY'S COMPLAINT.



TUNE,—“ *Nancy's to the greenwood gane.*”



O, LASS ! I've fearfu' news to tell !  
 What thinks te's come owre Jenmy ?  
 The sowdgers hev e'en pick'd him up,  
 And sent him far, far frae me :  
 To Carel he set off wi' wheat ;  
 Them ill reed-cwoted fellows  
 Snin wi'd him in\*—then meade him drunk :  
 He'd better geane to th' gallows.



\* See Note XXVIII.

The varra seet o' his cockade  
It set us aw a-cryin ;  
For me, I fairly fainted tweyce,  
Tou may think that was tryin :

My fadder wad ha'e paid the smart,  
And shew'd a gowden guinea,  
But, lack-a-day ! he'd kiss'd the buik,  
And that 'll e'en kill Jenny.

When Nichol tells about the wars,  
It's war than deeth to him ;  
I oft steal out, to hide my tears,  
And cannot, cannot bear him ;

For ave he jeybes and cracks his jokes,  
And bids me nit forstake him ;  
A brigadier, or grandidier,  
He says, they're sure to meake him.

If owre the stibble fields I gang,  
I think I see him ploughin,  
And ev'ry bit o' bread I eat,  
It seems o' Jemmy's sowin :

He led the varra cwoals we burn,  
And when the fire I's leetiu,  
To think the peats were in his hands,  
It sets my heart a beatin.

What can I de? I nought can de,  
 But whinge, and think about him:  
 For three lang years he follow'd me,  
 Now I mun live widout him!

Brek, heart, at yence, and then it's owre!  
 Life's nought widout yen's dearie.  
 I'll suin lig in my cauld, cauld grave,  
 For, oh! of life I'm weary!

*April 19, 1803.*



## BALLAD XXVI.

MATTHEW MACREE.



TUNE,—“*The wee pickle tow.*”



SIN I furst work'd a sampleth at Biddy Forsyth's,  
 I ne'er saw the marrow o' Matthew Macree\*;  
 For down his braid back hing his lang yallow locks,  
 And he hes sec a cast wi' his bonny grey e'e;  
 Then he meks us aw laugh, on the stuil when he  
                   stands,  
 And acts like the players, and gangs wi' his hands,  
 And talks sec hard words as nit yen understands—  
 O, what a top scholar is Matthew Macree!



\* See Note XXIX.

'Twas nobbet last Easter his cock wan the main,  
I stuid i' the ring, rejoicin to see ;  
The bairns they aw shouted, the lasses were fain,  
And the lads o' theirshou'ders bore Matthew Macree:  
Then at lowpin he'll gang a full yard owre them aw,  
And at rustlin, whilk aw them dare try him a faw,  
And whee is't that aye carries off the fit-baw,  
But the king of aw Cumberlând, Matthew Macree.

That time when he fit full twee hours at the fair,  
And lang Jemmy Smith gat a famish black e'e ;  
Peer Jemmy I yence thought wad niver paw mair,  
And I was reet sworry for Matthew Macree :  
Then he wad shek the bull-ring, and brag the heale  
town,  
And to fecht, rin, or russle, he pat down a crown ;  
Saint Gworge, the girt champion, o' fame and renown,  
Was nobbet a waffler to Matthew Macree.

On Sundays, in bouny wheyte weastcwoat when dress'd,  
He sings i' the kurk, what a topper is he !  
I hear his strang voice far abuin aw the rest,  
And my heart still beats time to Matthew Macree :  
Then his feyne eight-page ditties, and garlands sae  
sweet,  
They mek us aw merry the lang winter neet ;  
But, when he's nit amang us, we niver seem reet,  
Sae fond are the lasses o' Matthew Macree.

My fadder he left me a house on the hill,  
 And I's git a bit lan sud my aunty dee,  
 Then I'll wed bonny Matthew whenever he will,  
 For gear is but trash widout Matthew Macree:  
 We'll try to shew girt fwok content in a cot,  
 And when in our last heame together we've got,  
 May our bairns and their neybors oft point to the spot,  
 Where lig honest Matthew and Jenny Macree.

June 12, 1803.

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## BALLAD XXVII.

CALEP CROSBY.

TUNE,—“*Auld Rob Morris.*”

O WIFE! I wad fain see our Sukey dui reet,  
 But she's out wi' the fellows, aye neet efter neet:  
 Them that's fash'd wi' nae bairns iver happy mun be,  
 For we've yen, and she's maister o' baith thee and me!

I can't for the life o' me get her to work\*,  
 Nor aw the lang Sunday to ga near a kirk,  
 Nor frae week en to week en a chapter to read,  
 For the Bible ligs stoury abuin the duir head.

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\* See Note XXX.



She yence cud ha'e crammel'd, and writ her awn neame,  
And, Sunday and warday, was teydey at heame;  
Now, to see her whol'd stockins, her brat, and her gown,  
She's a shem and a byzen to all the heale town.

O wad she be guided, and stick till her wheel,  
There's nin kens how fain I wad see her dui weel;  
For she's thy varra picture, and aw that we have,  
But thur neets' warks 'll bring my grey hairs to the  
grave.

'Twas nobbet last week, in a passion I flew,  
And gev her a trouncin—but sair did I rue;  
Then I bad her e'en pack up her duds, and we'd part,  
For to streyke my awn bairn it just breks my auld heart.

There's that ill CALEP CROSBY, he's niver away,  
He's gleymin and watchin her beath neet and day;  
Sud he come i' my clutches a ken-guid he's get,  
For, tho' auld, leame, and feeble, I'll maister him yet.

I'll away owre to Whitten\* a press-gang to seek,  
And they's lig him in irons, ay this varra week;  
On his back he may tie her, a donnet is she,  
And sha'not be maister o' beath thee and me!

*July 2, 1803.*

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\* Whitehaven.

## BALLAD XXVIII.

## FECKLESS WULLY.



WEE Wully wuns on yonder brow,  
And Wully he hes dōwters twee;  
But nought cud feckless Wully dui,  
To get them sweethearts weel to see.

For Meg she luik'd baith reet and left,  
Her een they bwor'd a body thro';  
And Jen was deef, and dun, and daft,  
And de'il a yen com there to woo.

The neybor's wink'd, the neybors jeer'd,  
The neybors flyr'd at them in scworn,  
And monie a wicked trick they play'd  
Peer Meg and Jen, beath neet and mworn.

As Wully went ae day to wark,  
He kick'd a *summet* wid his shoe;  
And Wully glowr'd, and Wully girn'd,  
' Guide us !' quoth he, ' what ha'e we now ?'

And Wully cunn'd owre six scwore pun,  
And back he ran wi' nimmle heel,  
And aye he owre his shou'der glym'd,  
And thought he'd dealins wi' the de'il.

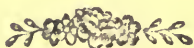
And Wully's bought a reet snug house,  
And Wully's bought a bit o' lan ;  
And Meg and Jen are trig and crouse,  
Sin he the yellow pwokie fan.

Nae mair the neybors wink and jeer,  
But aw shek hans wi' them, I trow ;  
And ilk yen talks o' WILLIAM's gear,  
For Wully's chang'd to William now.

And some come east, and some come west,  
And some come monie a mile to woo ;  
And Meg luiks straight, and Jen hes sense,  
And we aw see what gear 'll dui.

Ye rich fwok aw, ye'll aye dui reet ;  
Ye peer fwok aw, ye'll aye dui wrang ;  
Let wise men aw say what they will,  
It's money meks the meer to gang.

*July 3, 1803.*



## BALLAD XXIX.

## THE BLECKELL MURRY-NEET.

AY, lad! sec a murry-neet we've hed at Bleckell\*,  
 The sound o' the fiddle yet rings i' my ear;  
 Aw reet clipt and heel'd were the lads and the lasses,  
 And monie a cliver lish hizzey was there:  
 The bettermer swort sat snug i' the parlour,  
 I' th' pantry the sweethearters cutter'd sae soft;  
 The dancers they kick'd up a stour i' the kitchen;  
 At lanter the caird-lakers sat i' the loft.

The clogger o' Dawston's a famish top hero,  
 And bangs aw the player-fwok twenty to yen;  
 He stamp'd wid his fit, and he shouted and royster'd,  
 Till the sweat it ran off at his varra chin en:  
 Then he held up a han like the spout of a tea-pot,  
 And danc'd *cross the buckle and leather-te-patch*;  
 When they cried, '*bonny Bell*,' he lap up to the ceilin,  
 And aye crack'd his thoums for a bit of a fiatch.

...............

\* See Note XXXI.

The Hivverby lads at fair drinkin are seypers ;  
At cockin the Dawstoners niver were bet ;  
The Buckabank chaps are reet famish sweethearters,  
Their kisses just sound like the sneck of a yeat ;  
The lasses o' Bleckell are sae monie angels,  
The Cummersdale beauties aye glory in fun—  
God help the peer fellow that glymes at them dancin,  
He'll steal away heartless as sure as a gūn !

The 'bacco was strang, and the yell it was lythey,  
And monnie a yen bottom'd a quart like a kurn ;  
Daft Fred', i' the nuik, like a hawf-rwoasted deevil,  
Telt sly smutty stwories, and meade them aw gurn ;  
Then yensung "*Tom Linton*," anudder "*Dick Watters*,"  
The auld farmers bragg'd o' their fillies and fwoals,  
Wi' jeybin and jwokin, and hotchin and laughin,  
Till some thought it time to set off to the cwoals.

But, hod ! I forgat—when the clock strack eleeben,  
The dubbler was brongin wi' wheyte breed an brown,  
The gully was sharp, the girt cheese was a topper,  
And lumps big as lapsteans our lads gobbl'd down :  
Aye the douse dapper lanlady cried, ' Eat and welcome !  
I' God's neame step forret ; nay, dunnet be bleate !'  
Our guts aw weel pang'd, we buck'd up for blin Jenny,  
And neist paid the shot on a girt powder plate.

Now full to the thropple, wi' head-warks and heart-aches  
 Some crap to the clock-case instead o' the duir :  
 Then sleepin and snworin tuik place o' their rworin,  
 And tean abuin tudder they laid on the fluir.

The last o' December, lang, lang, we'll remember,  
 At five i' the mworn, eighteen hundred and twee ;  
 Here's health and success to the brave Jwohny Dawston  
 And monie sec meetins may we live to see !

July 4, 1803.



## BALLAD XXX.

### THE DELIGHTS OF LOVE.



TUNE—"Farewel to Bamf."



THE summer sun was out o' seet,  
 His partin beams danc'd on the fluid :  
 The fisher watch'd the silver fry,  
 As i' the stream he bending stuid ;  
 The blackburd mourn'd the clowsin day,  
 And caw'd his partner to his nest ;  
 When I up Caldew tuik my way,  
 And met the lass I aye like best.

I gaz'd upon her matchless feace,  
That fairer than a lily seem'd ;  
I mark'd the magic o' her e'e,  
That wi' luive's powerfu' leetnin beam'd ;  
I saw her cheek of breetest red,  
That, blushing, telt a lover's pain,  
And seiz'd a kiss, if 'twas a crime,  
Ye Gods ! oft may I sin again !

Fast flew the hours—now ruse the muin,  
And telt us it was time to part ;  
I set her to her mudder's duir,  
She wisper'd low, ' Thou's stown my heart !'  
I thro' the lattice stule a glance,  
And heard her angry mudder chide :  
Then thought of aw a parent's cares,  
As frae her cottage heame I kied.

I've teasted plasures dearly bought,  
And read mankind in monie a page :  
But woman, woman, sweetens life,  
Frae giddy youth to feeble age.  
Ye fauls, aye court coy Fortune's smile ;  
Ye rakes, in quest of pleasure rove :  
Ye drunkards, drown each sense in wine ;  
Be mine the dear delights of love !

*July 8, 1803.*

## BALLAD XXXI.

RUTH.

TUNE,—“ *My auld guidman.*”

THE crackets were chirpin on the hearth ;  
 Our wife reel'd gairn, and sat i'th nuik ;  
 I tuik a whiff o' my cutty black peype ; .  
 Lal Dick by fire-leet plied his buik ;  
 The youngermer bairns, at heeds and cross,  
 Sat lakin merrily in a row ;  
 The wind clash'd tui the entry duir,  
 And down the chimney fell the snow.

‘ O !’ says our weyfe, then fetch’d a seegh,  
 ‘ Guidman, we sud reet thankfu’ be !  
 ‘ How monie a scwore this angry neet \*,  
 ‘ Wad like to sit wi’ tee and me ;  
 ‘ Sae wad our dowter Ruth, I trow,  
 ‘ A silly peer luckless bairn she’s been ;  
 ‘ For her, nae day gangs owre my head,  
 ‘ But painfu’ tears gush frae my een.



\* See Note XXXII.



‘ She aye was honest and weel to see,  
‘ I say’t—she hed nae faut but yen—  
‘ She off wid a taistrel sowdger lad,  
‘ And never yence sent the scribe of a pen :  
‘ O man ! we sud forget and forgive ;  
‘ The brute beast for its awn ’ll feel ;  
‘ Were mine awt’ warl, ay ten times mair,  
‘ I’d gi’e’t to see her alive and weel.

‘ Whea kens, peer thing ! what she’s endur’d,  
‘ Sin that sad hour she left her heame ;  
‘ Thou turn’d her out ; it hurt me sair,  
‘ And aw our neibors cried out shem.’

Here stopp’d our weyfe, and shuik her head,  
While tears ran tricklin down her cheek ;  
I fan the truth o’ what she said,  
But de’il a word cud owther speak.

Just then the latch was lifted up ;  
‘ Ay, that’s a boggle !’ cried out lal Ann ;  
In bunc’d my ba rn, and, at my feet,  
Cried, ‘ O, forgie me !—here’s my guidman !’  
Our dame she shriek’d, and dropp’d her wark ;  
I bless’d them beath—the bairns were fain ;  
We talk’d the stormy meet away,  
And, God be prais’d, we’ve met again !

*July 24, 1803.*

## BALLAD XXXII.

## THE PECK O' PUNCH.



'T WAS Rob and Jock, and Hal and Jack \*,  
And Tom and Ned forby,  
Wi' ARCHY drank a PECK o' PUNCH,  
Ae neet when they were dry ;  
And aye they jwok'd, and laugh'd, and smuik'd,  
And sang wi' heartfelt glee,  
“ To-night we're yen, to-morrow geane,  
“ Syne let us merry be.”

Saint Mary's muckle clock bumm'd eight,  
When each popp'd in his head ;  
But ere they rose, they'd fairly drank  
The sheame-feac'd muin to bed ;  
And aye they jwok'd, &c.

To monie a bonny Carel lass,  
The fairest o' the town,  
And monie a manly British chiel,  
The noggin glass went roun ;  
And aye they jwok'd, &c.



\* See Note XXXIII.

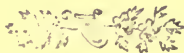
A neybor's fau'ts they ne'er turn'd owre,  
Nor yence conceal'd their ain—  
Had Care keek'd in, wi' wae-worn feace,  
They'd kick'd him out again;  
For aye they jwok'd, &c.

The daily toil, the hunter's spoil,  
The faithless foreign pow'rs,  
The Consul's fate, his o'ergrown state,  
By turns beguil'd the hours;  
And aye they laugh'd, &c.

Let others cringe, and bow the head,  
A purse-proud sumph to please;  
Fate, grant to me aye liberty  
To mix wi' souls like these;

Then oft we'll jwoke, and laugh, and smuik,  
And sing wi' heartfelt glee,  
“To-night we're yen, to-morrow geane,  
“Syne let us merry be.”

*November 3, 1803.*



## BALLAD XXXIII.

## THE THUIRSBY WITCH.

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TUNE,—“ *O'er bogie.*”

---

THERE's Harraby\* and Tarraby\*,  
And Wigganby\* beside;  
There's Oughterby\* and Souterby\*,  
And bys beath far and wide;

Of strappin, sonsy, rwoisy queens,  
They aw may brag a few;  
But Thuirsbý for a bonny lass,  
Can cap them aw, I trow.

Her mudder sells a swope o' drink,  
It is beath stout and brown,  
And ETTY is the hinny fowt  
Of aw the country roun.

Frae east and west, beath rich and peer,  
A-horse, a-fit, caw in;  
For whee can pass sae rare a lass,  
He's owther daft or blin.

---

\* Names of Cumberland villages.

Her een are like twea Cursinas sleas,  
But twice as breet and clear;  
Nae rwose cud iver match her feace,  
That yet grew on a brier;  
At town, kurk, market, dance, or fair \*,  
She meks their hearts aw stoun,  
And conquers mair than Bonnyprat,  
Whene'er she keeks aroun.

Oft graith'd in aw their kurk-gawn gear,  
Like nowble lwords at court,  
Our lads slink in, and gaze and grin,  
Nor heed their Sunday spwort;  
If stranger leets, her een he meets,  
And fins he can't tell how;  
To touch the glass her han has touch'd,  
It sets him in a lowe.

Yence Thuirsky lads were whea but we,  
And cud ha'e bang'd the lave,  
But now they hing their lugs, and luik  
Like fwok stown frae the grave;  
And what they ail in head or heart,  
Nae potticary knows—  
The little glancin Thuirsky Witch,  
She is the varra cause.



\* See Note XXXIV.

Of Black-ey'd Susan, Mary Scott,  
 The lass o' Patie's mill,  
 Of Barbara Allan, Sally Gray,  
 The lass o' Richmond-hill,  
 Of Nancy Dawson, Molly Mog,  
 Tho' thousands sing wi' glee,  
 'This village beauty, out and out,  
 She bangs them aw to see.

*November 10, 1803.*

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## BALLAD XXXIV.

### THE VILLAGE GANG.

TUNE,—“*Jenny dang the weaver.*”

THERE'S sec a gang in our town,  
 The deevil cannot wrang them,  
 And cud yen get tem put i' prent,  
 Aw England cuddent bang them:  
 Our dogs e'en bite aw decent fwok,  
 Our varra naigs they kick them,  
 And if they nobbet ax their way,  
 Our lads set on and lick them.

Furst wi' Dick Wiggem we'll begin,  
The teyney, greasy wobster :  
He's got a gob frae lug to lug,  
And neb like onie lobster ;  
Dick' weyfe, they say, was Branton bred,  
Her mudder was a howdey,  
And when peer Dick's thrang on the luim,  
She's off to Jwhonie Gowdey.

But as for Jwhonie, silly man \*,  
He threeps about the nation,  
And talks o' stocks and Charley Fox,  
And meakes a blusteration ;  
He reads the paper yence a week,  
The auld fwok geape and wonder—  
Were Jwhonie king, we'd aw be rich,  
And Francemud e'en knock under.

Lang Peel the laird's a dispert chap,  
His weyfe's a famous fratcher—  
She brays the lasses, starves the lads,  
Nae bandylan can match her :  
We aw ken how they gat their gear,  
But that's a fearfu' stwory,  
And sud he hing on Carel Sands,  
Nit yen wad e'er be sworry.



\* See Note XXXV.

Beane-breaker Jwohn we weel may neame,  
He's tir'd o' wark, confound him !  
By manglin limbs and streenin joints,  
He's meade aw cripples round him :  
Mair hurt he's duin than onie yen  
That iver scep'd a helter ;  
When sec like guffs leame decent fwok,  
It's time some laws sud alter.

The schuilmaister's a conjuror\*,  
For when our lads are drinkin,  
Aw macks o' tricks he'll dui wi' cairds,  
And tell fwok what they're thinkin ;  
He'll glowre at maps and spell hard words,  
For hours and hours together,  
And in the muin he kens what's duin—  
Nay he can coin the weather !

Then there's the blacksmith wi' ae e'e,  
And his hawf-witted mudder,  
'Twad mek a deed man laugh to see  
Them glyme at yen anudder ;  
A three-quart piggen full o' keale,  
He'll sup, the greedy sinner ;  
Then eat a cow'd-lword like his head,  
Ay, onie day at dinner.

\*\*\*

\* See Note XXXVI.



Jack Mar, the hirplin piper's son,  
Can bang them aw at leein;  
He'll brek a lock, or steal a cock,  
Wi' onie yen in bein :

He eats guid meat, and drinks strang drink,  
And gangs weel graith'd o' Sunday,  
And weel he may, a bonny fray  
Com out last Whissen-Monday.

The doctor he's a parfet pleague,  
And hawf the parish puzzens;  
The lawyer sets fwok by the lugs,  
And cheats them neist by duzzens;

The parson swears a bonny stick  
Amang our sackless asses;  
The 'squire's ruin'd scwores and scwores  
O' canny country lasses.

There's twenty mair, coarse as neck beef,  
If yen had time to neame them;  
Left-handed Sim, slape-finger'd Sam,  
Nae law cou'd iver teame them;  
There's blue-nebb'd Watt and ewe-chin'd Dick,  
Weel wordy o' the gallows—  
O happy is the country seyde  
That's free frae sec like fellows!

*November 27, 1803.*

## BALLAD XXXV.

## DICKY GLENDININ.

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TUNE,—“ *As Patie came up frae the glen.*”

---

MY fadder was down at the mill,  
My mudder was out wid her spinnin,  
When, whea sud slip whietly in,  
But canny lal DICKY GLENDININ;

He pou'd off his muckle top cwoat,  
And drew in a stuil by the hallan,  
Then fworc'd me to sit on his knee,  
And suin a sad teale began tellin.

‘ O, Jenny, O Jenny !’ says he,  
‘ My likin for tee I can’t smudder ;  
‘ It meade me as seek as a peat,  
‘ To think tou’d teane up wid anudder.

‘ What ! there’s been a bonny te-dui  
‘ About a lang hulk o’ a miller !  
‘ He’s wide-gobb’d, and ill-natur’d tui,  
But ae word says aw—he hes siller.

- ‘ The lasses aye flyre and mak gam,  
    ‘ And ax me, what’s got Jenny Foster ?  
‘ The lads, when we meet i’ the lwones,  
    ‘ Cry out, Sairy Dick ! what, tou’s lost her !
- ‘ When Rowley, the miller, last neet  
    ‘ I met, as we com in frae sheerin,  
‘ Had the sickle but been our lang gun,  
    ‘ I’d shot him, ay, dead as a herrin.
- ‘ O ! hes te forgotten the time,  
    ‘ Tou said tou lik’d me best of onie ?  
‘ And hes te forgotten the time,  
    ‘ Tou said luive was better than monie ?
- ‘ And hes te forgotten the time,  
    ‘ I mark’d our twea neames on a shillin ?  
‘ Tou promis’d to wear’t neist thy heart,  
    ‘ And then to wed me tou was willin.
- ‘ The furst time you’re cried i’ the kurk,  
    ‘ I’ll step my ways up, and forbid it ;  
‘ When cauld i’ my coffin, they’ll say,  
    ‘ ’Twas e’en Jenny Foster that did it !
- ‘ My ghost, the lang neet, aw in wheyte,  
    ‘ Will shek thee, and gar thee aw shiver—  
‘ O, the tears how they hop owre my checks,  
    ‘ To think I sud lwose thee for ever !

O, Dicky ! O, Dicky ! says I,  
I nowther heed house, lan, or siller  
Tou's twenty times dearer to me  
Than onie lang hulk of a miller !

A match we struck up in a crack,  
And Dicky's got sticks and got beddin ;  
My fadder and mudder are fain,  
Then hey for a guid merry weddin !

*December 10, 1803.*

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### BALLAD XXXVI.

#### THE INVASION.

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TUNE,—“ *Lingo's wedding.*”

---

HOW fens te, Dick ? There's fearfu' news :—  
Udsbreed ! the French are comin !  
There's nought at Carel but parades,  
And sec a drum, drum, drummin :

The volunteers and brigadiers  
Are aw just mad to meet them ;  
And England e'en mun hing her head,  
If Britons dunnet beat them.

Then there's the *Rangers*, aw in green,  
 Commanded by brave Howard—  
 Of aw his nowble kin, nit yen  
 Was iver caw'd a coward.

They'll pop the Frenchmen off like steyste,  
 If e'er they meet, I'll bail them;  
 Wi' sec true Britons at their heads,  
 True courage cannot fail them.

Thur French are dispert wicked chiels,  
 If it be true they tell us,  
 For where they've been, fwok curse the day  
 They e'er saw sec sad fellows.

They plant the tree o' liberty,  
 And hirelings dance around it,  
 But millions water't wi' their tears,  
 And bid the de'il confound it.

Our parson says\*, “ we bang'd them still,  
 “ And bang them still we mun, man,  
 “ For he desarves a coward's deeth,  
 “ That frae them e'er wad run, man:  
 “ What feckless courts, and worn-out states,  
 “ They've conquer'd just by knav'ry;  
 “ But every volunteer will pruiwe,  
 “ A Briton kens nae slav'ry.”

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\* See Note XXXVII

I've thought and thought, sin I kent ought,  
 Content's the greatest blessing;  
 And he that seizes my bit lan  
 Desarves a guid sound dressin.

AULD ENGLAND, though we count thy fau'ts,  
 For ever we'll defend thee!  
 To foreign tyrants sud we bow,  
 They'll mar, but niver mend thee.

*December 20, 1803.*



## BALLAD XXXVII.

GRIZZY.



TUNE,—“ *My auld guidman.*”



THE witch weyfe begg'd in our backseyde\*,  
 But went unsarra'd away i' th' pet;  
 Our Ester kurn'd at e'er she kurn'd,  
 But butter the deuce a crum cou'd get.  
 The pez-stack fell, and crush'd my fadder;  
 My mudder cowp'd owre, and leam'd hersel;  
 Neist, war and war, what dud we see,  
 But Jenny' pet lam drown'd i' the well.



\* See Note XXXVIII.



Her feace is like the stump of a yek ;

She stoops and stowters, sheks and walks ;

Bleer-e'e'd and tuithless, wi' a beard :

She coughs and granes, and mumps and talks ;

She lives in a shill-house, burns dried sticks,

And there hes dealins wi' the de'il.

O war she whietly in her grave,

For where she bides few can dui weel.

*February 3, 1803.*



## BALLAD XXXVIII.

GWORDIE GILL.



TUNE,—“ *Andrew wi' his cutty gun.*”



OF aw the lads I see or ken,

There's yen I like abuin the rest ;

He's neycer in his war day duds,

Than others donn'd in aw their best.

A body's heart's a body's awn,

And they may gi'e't to whea they will ;

Had I got ten where I ha'e neane,

I'd gi'e them aw to *Gwordie Gill.*



Whea was't that brak our lanlword' garth\*,  
For me, when bairns we went to schuil?  
Whea was't durst venture mid-thie deep,  
To get my clog out o' the puil?

And when the filly flang me off,  
And lang and lang I laid sae ill,  
Whea was't gowl'd owre me day and neet,  
And wish'd me weel? 'Twas *Gwordie Gill*.

Oft mounted on his lang-tail'd naig,  
Wi' feyne new buits up till his knee,  
The laird's daft son leets i' the faul,  
And keaves as he wad wurry me;

Tho' fadder, mudder, uncle tui,  
To wed this maz'lin teaze me still,  
I hear of aw his lan and brass,  
But oft steal out to *Gwordie Gill*.

Frae Carel cousin Fanny com,  
And brong her whey-feac'd sweetheart down,  
Wi' sark-neck stuck abuin his lugs,  
A peer clipt diimient frae the town:

He minc'd and talk'd, and skipp'd and walk'd,  
But tir'd a gangin up the hill,  
And luik'd as pale as onie corp,  
Compar'd to rwoisie *Gwordie Gill*.



\* See Note XL.

My Gwordi's whussle weel I ken\*,  
 Lang ere we meet, the darkest neet;  
 And when he liltis and sings *Skewball*,  
 Nit playhouse music's hawf sae sweet.  
 A body's heart's a body's awn,  
 And they may gi'e't to whea they will;  
 I yence had yen, now I ha'e neane,  
 For it belongs to *Gwordie Gill*.

February 10, 1804..



### BALLAD XXXIX.

*A Weyfe for Wully Miller.*



TUNE,—“*Maggy Launder.*”



HOUT, Wully, lad! cock up thy head,  
 Nor fash thyself about her;  
 Nought comes o' nought, sae tek nae thought,  
 Thou's better far widout her.  
 Peer man! her fadder weel we ken,  
 He's but an as-buird meaker;  
 But she's town-bred, and, silly gowk!  
 Thou'd gi'e thy teeth to teake her.



\* See Note XLI.

I've seen thee flyre and jwoke like mad  
At aw our country fellows,  
But now thou seeghs and luiks like deeth,  
Or yen gawn to the gallows;

Thou's sous'd owre head and ears i' luive:  
Nay, nobbet luik at Cwoley!  
He wags his tail, as if to say,  
'Wey, what's the matter, Wully?'

There's lads but few in our town,  
And lasses wanters plenty,  
And he that fain wad wed a weyfe,  
May waele yen out o' twenty:

There's Tamer Toppin, Aggy Sharp,  
And clogger Wilkin' Tibby;  
There's Greacy Gurvin, Matty Meer,  
And thingumbob' lal Debby.

Then there's Wull Guffy' dowter Nan  
At thee aye keeks and glances,  
For ton's the apple o' their e'en  
At cardin neets and dances;

My titty, tui, ae neet asleep,  
Cried, 'Canvy Wull Millar!  
I pond her hair, she blush'd rrose reed,  
Sae gang thy ways e'en till her.

Tell mudder aw the news tou kens;  
 To fadder talk o' the weather;  
 Then lilt tem up a sang or twea,  
 To please them aw together;

She'll set thee out, then speak thy mind:  
 She'll suit thee till a shavin;—  
 But town-bred deames, to sec as we,  
 Are seldom worth the havin.

*February 28, 1804.*



## BALLAD XL.

### THE TWEE AULD MEN.



MATTHEW.

WHAT, Gabriel! come swat thy ways down on the  
 saddle,  
 I lang for a bit of a crack;  
 Thy granson I sent owre the geate for some 'bacco—  
 The varment 'll never come back!—  
 Nay, keep on thy hat: we heed nought about manners:  
 What news about your en o' the town?  
 They say the king's badly; thur times gang but oddly;  
 The warl just seems turn'd upseyde down:  
 Ay, what alterations, and out-o'-way fashions,  
 Sin lal todlin callans were we!

## GABRIEL.

O, Matthew ! they've cutten the yeks and the eshes,  
That grew owre anent the kurk waw !  
How oft dud we lake just-like wild things amang  
them ;  
But suin we, like them, mun lig law !  
The schuil-house is fawn, where we beath larn'd our  
letters,  
For thee, ton cud figure and write ;  
I mind\* what a monstrous hard task and a lickin  
Ton gat when tou fit wi' Tom Wheyte ;  
Wherever yen ranges, the chops and the changes  
Oft mek a tear gush frae my e'e.

## MATTHEW.

Then, Gabey, thou minds when we brak Dinah'  
worchet—  
Stown apples bairns aw think are sweet—  
Deuce tek this bad 'bacco ! de'il bin, it 'll draw nin,  
Yen mud as weel smuik a wet peat !—  
What, yonder's Rob Donaldson got a lang letter,  
And some say it talks of a peace ;  
But that 'll nit happen i' thy time or my time,  
Widout we can get a new lease.  
Here, lass ! bring some yell in, driukin's nae failin,  
Let's moisten our clay ere we dee.



\* See Note XLII.

## GABRIEL.

Ay, Matt! What they buried auld GLAISTER last  
Monday.—

Peer Jwosep! we went to ae schuil!—

He married deef Marget, the Gammelsby beauty,

A silly proud cat-witted fuil:

Ae son pruv'd a taistrel, and brak up at Lunnon,

But Jwosep he gat aw to pay;

Anudder, they said, turn'd out nit quite owre honest,

Sae gat off to Botany Bay.—

O, man! this frost pinches, and kills fwok by inches,

It's e'en meade á cripple o' me!

## MATTHEW.

Ay, Gabey! it's lang sin thou married Ann Lawson;

Tou minds when we off like the win

Frae kurk to the yell-house?—What, I was weel  
mounted,

And left them all twea mile behin.

Then there was Young GABEY, our weyfe was his  
goddy,

A brave murry cursnin me had;

We kent nought o' tea, or sec puizen i' thar days,

But drank tweyce-brew'd yell till hawt mad:

There was KITT and NED NELSON, and DAN and  
WAT WILSON,

They've aw geane and left thee and me.

## GABRIEL.

There's ae thing, guid Matthew, I've lang thought  
of axin,  
And that tou mun grant if tou can;  
When I's stiff and cauld, see me decently coffin'd,  
And laid down aseyde my weyfe ANN.  
My peer granson Jwosep, he thrives and he grows  
up,  
O luik till him when I's low laid!  
Mind he gaes to the kurk, and sticks weel till his  
larnin,  
And get him a bit of a trade;  
The neyborgs will bless thee, it wunnut distress thee,  
And happy auld Gabriel can dee.

## MATTHEW.

Keep up thy heart, Gabey! nae guid comes o'  
grievin;  
Aye laugh at the warl, if thou'd thrive;  
I've buried three weyves, and mun e'en hev anudder,  
I's quite young and rash—*eighty-five*;  
Then sec a hard drinker, a wustler, a feghter,  
A cocker I've been i' my time;  
And as for a darrak, in barn or in meadow,  
Whea match'd me, when just i' my prime?  
I ne'er thought o' whinin, or gowlin or pinin—  
We're wise when we chearfui' can be.

## GABRIEL.

Nay but, neybor Matthew, when ninety lang winters  
 Ha'e bent yen, and powder'd the pow,  
 We grane i' the nuik, wi' few friens or acquaintance,  
 And just fin we cannot tell how:  
 For me, I's sair fash'd wi' a cough and the gravel,  
 And ae single tuith i' my head;  
 Then, sin my peer bairn they tuik off for a sowdger,  
 I've wish'd I were nobbet weel dead;—  
 The house uncle ga'e me the squire e'en ta'en frae me:  
 There's nought but the warkhouse for me!

## MATTHEW.

My fadder, God rust him! wi' pinchin and pleenin,  
 Screap'd up aw the gear he cud get;  
 I've been a sad deevil, and spent gowd i' gowpens,  
 But still ha'e a hantel left yet:  
 Come gi'es thy hand, Gabey\*! tou's welcome as may  
 be,  
 My purse and my ambrie to share;  
 We'll talk of auld times,—eat, drink, and be merry:  
 Thy granson sall get what we spare:—  
 Then leet thy pipe, Gabey! tou's welcome as may be,  
 They's ne'er mek a beggar o' thee!

*March 14. 1804.*



\* See Note XLIII



## BALLAD XLI.

## UNCLE WULLY.



TUNE,—“*Woo'd and married and a'.*”



“IT’S a comical warl this we live in,”  
Says Calep, and Calep says reet;  
For Matty, that’s got aw the money,  
Has e’en geane and wedded deyl’d Peat.  
He’s nobbet a heather-feac’d maz’lin,  
And disn’t ken whisky frae yell;  
But her, weel brong up and a scholar,  
Has just meade a fuil o’ hersel!  
De’il bin but she’d little to de,  
To tek sec a hawflin as he,  
That nowther kens A, B, or C!—  
Nay, what sec a pair can ne’er ’gree!

He ne’er hes a teale widout laitin,  
And hardleys can grease his awn clogs;  
*He* marry a decent man’s dowter!  
He’s fitter to lig amang hogs!  
At the clock for an hour he’ll keep glymin,  
But de’il e’er the time he can tell;  
And my niece, for that ae word HUSBAND,  
Has e’en geane and ruin’d hersel.

De’il bin, &c.

Her fadder, God keep him ! my billy,  
Aye thought her the flow'r o' them aw;  
And said on his deeth-bed, ' O, Wully,  
' Luik till her, man, when I lig low !'

I meade her beath reader and writer—  
Nin bang'd her, the maister can tell ;  
But, speyte o' beath larnin and manners,  
She's e'en meade a guff of hersel.  
De'il bin, &c.

When lasses get past aw advisin,  
Our's then turns a piteous case ;  
A cwoat or sark yen may shep them,  
But aw cannot gi'e them God's greace :  
For ine, I'll e'n deet my hands on her,  
And this aw our neyborgs I'll tell ;  
She's meade a bad bed, let her lig on't,  
And think how she's ruin'd hersel.  
De'il bin but she'd little to de,  
To tek sec a hawflin as he,  
'That nowther kens A, B, or C!—  
Nay, what sec a pair can ne'er 'gree !

*April 10, 1804.*



## BALLAD XLIII.

## GUID STRANG YELL.



OUR Ellek likes fat bacon weel\*,  
And havver-bannock pleases Dick;  
A cow'd-lword meks lal Wully fain,  
And cabbish aye turns Philip sick;

Our deame's for gurdle-ceake and tea,  
And Betty's aw for thick pez-keale;  
Let ilk yen fancy what they wull,  
Still my delight is guid strang yell.

I ne'er had muckle, ne'er kent want,  
Ne'er wrang'd a neybor, frien, or kin;  
My weyfe and bairns 'buin aw I prize—  
There's music i' their varra din:

I labor suin, I labor leate,  
And chearf' eat my humble meal;  
My weage can feed and clead us aw,  
And whiles affords me guid strang yell.



\* See Note XLIV.

What's aw the warl widout content ?

Wi' that and health man can't be peer ;  
We suin slip off frae friens and foes,  
Then whea but fuils wad feght for gear.

'Bout kings and consuls gowks may fratch ;  
For me I scworn to vex mysel,  
But laugh at courts, and owre-grown knaves,  
When I've a hush o' guid strang yell.

*April 22, 1804.*

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## BALLAD XLIV.

### BURGH RACES.

○, WULLY ! had tou nobbet been at Burgh Races\* !

It seem'd, lad, as if aw the warl were met ;  
Some went to be seen, others off for divarsion,  
And monie went there a lock money to bet :

The cup was aw siller, and letter'd reet neycely,  
A feyne naig they've put on't, forby my Lword's  
neame ;

It hods nar a quart, for monie drank out on't,  
And open'd their gills till they cu'dn't creep  
heame.

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\* See Note XLV.

There was, 'How fens te, Tommy?'—'What, Jwo-  
sep! I's gaily \* :

'Wey, is there ought unket i' your country seyde?'  
'Here, lanlword! a noggin!'—Whea rides the Col-  
lector?'  
'What Meason' auld meer can bang aw far and  
wide!'

There was snaps, yell, nuts, gingerbread, shwort-  
ceakes and brandy,  
And tents full o' ham, beef, and nowble veal pye;  
There was *Greenup* wi' a reet and true list o' the  
horses,  
The neames o' the awners and reyders forby.

Ere they saddl'd, the gamlers peep'd sair at the horses;  
Ses scrudgin, the fwok were just ready to brust;  
Wi' swearin and bettin, they meade a sad hay-bay:  
'I'll lig six to four!'—'Done! come, down wi'  
the dust!'—

'What think ye o' Lawson?'—'The field for a gui-  
nea!'—

'I'll mention the winner! Dare onie yen lay?'  
Jwohn Blaylock' reed handkitcher wav'd at the diss-  
nens:

At startin, he cried, 'Yen, twee, three, put away!'

\*\*\*                    \*\*\*

\* See Note XLVI.

They went off like leetnin—the auld meer's a topper ;  
She flew like an arrow, and shew'd tem her tail ;  
They hugg'd, whupp'd, and spurr'd, but cud niver  
yence touch her—  
The winners they rear'd, and the lwozers turn'd  
pale :

Peer Lawson gat dissen'd, and sae sud the tudders,  
Furst heat was a chase, and the neist a tek in ;  
Then some drank their winnins : but, wofu' disaster !  
It rain'd, and the lasses gat wet to the skin.

Like pez in a pot, neist at Sandsfield they caper'd ;  
The lads did the lasses sae kittle and hug ;  
Young Crosset, i' fettle, had got bran new pumps on,  
And brong fisher Jemmy a clink i'the lug ;  
The lasses they belder'd out, ' Man thysel, Jemmy\*,'  
His comrades they poud off his cwoat and his sark ;  
They fit, lugg'd, and lurry'd, aw owre blood and  
batter,  
The lanlword com in, and cried, ' Shem o' sec  
wark !'

There were smugglers, excisemen, horse-cowpers,  
and parsons,  
Sat higglety-pigglety, aw fare alike ;  
And mowdy-warp Jacky—ay, man, it was funny !  
He meade them aw laugh when he stuck in a  
creyke.

\* See Note XLVII.

There were lasses frae Wigton, and Worton, and  
 Banton,  
 Some o' them gat sweethearts, while others gat  
 neane;  
 And bairns yet unbworn 'll oft hear o' *Burgh Races*,  
 For ne'er mun we see sec a meetin agean.

May 4, 1804.



## BALLAD XLV.

BIDDY.



TUNE,—“*Since love is the plan.*”



'T WAS frost and thro' leet, wid a greymin o' snaw,  
 When I went to see Biddy, the flow'r o' them aw;  
 To meet was agreed on, at Seymy' deyke nuik,  
 Where I saunter'd wi' monie a seegh and lang luik,  
 But poud up my spirits and off till her heame,  
 For when fwok mean reet, wey, what need they think  
 sheame!



I peep'd thro' the window, to see what was duin\*;  
 Her fadder sat whusslin, and greasin his shoon;



\* See Note XLVIII.

Her mudder sat darnin, and smuikin the while;  
 And Biddy was spinnin, the neet to beguile;  
 Her thread it aye brak, she seem'd sad as cud be,  
 And yen sat aside her, a stranger to me.

She turn'd her head frae him, and niver yence spak;  
 He struive for a kiss, then she up in a crack,  
 And suin i' the faul, wi' great pleasure we met,  
 But that happy moment we ne'er can forget;  
 To be mine she promis'd agean and agean,  
 And the priest, if God spare us, will suin mek us yen.

May 15, 1804.



## BALLAD XLVI.

DINAH DUFTON.



TUNE,—“*Good night, and joy be wi' ye a'.*”



PEER Dinah Dufton's e'en wi' bairn\*,  
 Oh, but I's unco sworry for't!  
 A bonnier or a teydier lass,  
 No niver yet fell i' the durt:



\* See Note XLIX.



Auld Tim, her fadder, turn'd her out  
At mid neet, tho' 'twas frost and snaw;  
She owre the geate,—what cud she de?—  
And sobb'd and gowl'd, and telt us aw.

My fadder shuik his head at furst,  
But spak and acted like a man;  
' Dinah!' says he, ' tou sanot want,  
' Sae keep thy heart up, if tou can;  
  
' I've lads and lasses o' my awn,  
' And nin can tell what they may de :  
' To turn thee out ! peer luckless bairn !  
' Thy fadder e'en mun harden'd be !'

God niver meade a heartier lass,  
For she wad sing for iver mair ;  
Yet, when peer fwok were in distress,  
To hear on't, Oh ! it hurt her sair !

This luive, they say, hides monie fau'ts :  
Peer thing ! the warl she little knew !  
But if she'd been by me advis'd,  
She waddent hed sec cause to rue.

At Rosley Fair she chanc'd to leet  
O' mangrel Wull, that wicked tui ;  
He'd larn'd to hannel weel his feet,  
And kept a bit o' dancin schuil :

A fortune-teller neist he brib'd,  
To say the match was meade abuin ;  
But when he'd brong his ends about,  
He nobbet laugh'd and left her suin.

Now Dinah's apron's grown quite shwort ;  
Dull, downcast, outcry o' the lave !  
Aw day she whinges in our loft,  
And wishes she were in her grave :

But mangrel Wull, that wicked tuil,  
My fadder says sall lig in jail ;  
And he that ruins onie lass,  
De'll tek the man that wad him bail.

July 16, 1804.

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BALLAD XLVII.

NED CARNAUGHAN.

TUNE,—“ *The miller of Dee.*”

---

MY mudder was teakin her nuin's rest,  
My fadder was out at the hay,  
When Ned Carnaughan com bouncin in,  
And luik'd as he'd gotten a flay :

‘ O, Sib !’ says he, ‘ I’s duin wi’ te :—  
‘ Nay, what, thou blushes and stares !—  
‘ I seed thee last neet wi’ bow-hough’d Peat,  
‘ And de’il tek them that cares !’

Says I to Ned, to Ned says I,  
‘ What’s aw this fuss about ?  
‘ I’s seer he’s a reet lish country lad,  
‘ And tou’s just a parfet lout :  
‘ But whea were liggin i’ Barney’s croft,  
‘ And lakin like twea hares ?  
‘ And whea kiss’d Suke frae lug to lug ?  
‘ Wey, de’il tek them that cares !’

Says Ned, says he, ‘ The thimmel gi’e me \*,  
‘ I brong thee frae Branton fair,  
‘ And gi’e back the broach and true-love knot,  
‘ And lock o’ my awn reed hair ;  
‘ And pay me the tuppence I wan frae thee  
‘ Ae neet at pops and pairs ;  
‘ Then e’en tek on wi’ whea thou likes—  
‘ The de’il tek them that cares !’

The broach and thimble I flang at his feace,  
The true-love knot i’ the fire ;  
Says I, ‘ Tou’s nobbet a hawflin bworn—  
‘ Eash me nae mair, I desire ;



\* See Note L.

‘ Here, tek thy tuppence, a reape to buy,  
 ‘ And gi’e thysel nae mair airs;  
 ‘ But hing as hee as Gilderoy—  
 ‘ The de’il tek them that cares!’

July 27, 1804.

—○○○○○○—  
 BALLAD XLVIII.

THE COCKER O’ CODBECK.

=====

TUNE,—“ *Patrïck’s day i’ the morning.*”

~~~~~

THERE was ill gusty Jemmy, the cocker o’ Codbek*
 He follow’d blin Leethet’ lass years twee or three;
 She laid in o’ twins, and was e’en broken-hearted,
 For Jemmy had left her—and, neist, what did he,
 But ran owre to Hesketh, and wedded anudder;
 Suin peer Greacy Leethet was laid in her grave;
 The last words shespak were, ‘ O God, forgi’e Jemmy!
 I may rue the day when he stul my heart frae me!
 ‘ Tho’ I’s gawn to leave you, my innocents save!’
 Her twea bairns she kiss’d,
 And then sunk into rest.
 O but sec like fellows sud suffer!

—○○○○○○—

* See Note LL.

I ne'er can forget, when the corpse cross'd the lonnin,
 Amang auld and young there was nit a dry e'e;
 Aw whop'd she was happy—but, O man! her fadder
 When they cover'd the coffin, we thought he wad dee!
 He cried, ' I've nae comfort sin I've lost my Greacy!
 ' O that down aseyde her my head I could lay!
 For Jeminy, de'il bin him! he's kent nought but crosses,
 He's shunn'd by the lads, and he's hiss'd by the lasses,
 And Greacy's ghost haunts him by neet and by day;
 Nae neybor luiks near him,
 The bairns they aw fear him;
 And may sec like fellows still suffer!

July 28, 1804.



BALLAD XLIX.

CANNY CUMMERLAN.



TUNE,—“ *The humours of Glen.*”



'TWAS æ neet last week, wid our wark efter supper,
 We went owre the geate cousin Isbel to see;
 There was Sibby frae Curthet, and lal Betty Byers,
 Deef Debby, forby Bella Bunton and me;
 We'd scarce begun spinnin, when Sib a sang lilted,
 She'd brong her frae Carel by their sarvent man;
 'Twas aw about Cummerlan fwok and feyne places,
 And, if I can think on't, ye's hear how it ran.

Yer buik-larn'd wise gentry, that's seen monie coun-
ties,

May preach and palaver, and brag as they will
O' mountains, lakes, valleys, woods, watters, and
meadows,

But canny auld Cumberlan caps them aw still* :
It's true we've nae palaces sheynin amang us,
Nor marble tall towers to catch the weak eye :
But we've monie feyne castles, where fit our brave
fadders,
When Cumberlan cud onie county defy.

First, GRAYSTOCK we'll nwotish, the seat o' girt
NORFOLK,

A neame still to freemen and Englishmen dear ;
Ye Cumberlan fwok, may your sons and your gran-
sons

Sec rare honest Statesmen for iver revere :
Corruption's a sink that'll puzzen the country,
And lead us to slav'ry, to me it seems plain ;
But he that has courage to stem the black torrent,
True Britons sud pray for, agean and agean.

Whea that hes climb'd SKIDDAW, hes seen sec a
prospect,
Where fells frown owre fells and in majesty vie ?

~~~~~

\* See Note LII

Whea that hes seen KESWICK, can count hawf its  
beauties,

May e'en try to'count hawf the stars i' the sky:

There's ULLSWATER, BASSENTHWAITE, WASTWATER,  
DERWENT,

That thousands on thousands ha'e travell'd to view;  
The langer they gaze, still the mair they may wonder,  
And aye, as they wonder, may fin summet new.

We've CORBY\*, for rocks, caves, and walks sae de-  
lightfu',

That Eden a paradise loudly proclaims;

O that sec like pleaces hed aye sec like awners,

Then mud monie girt fwok be proud o' their neames!

We've NETHERBY tui, the grand pride o' the border!

And haws out o' number nae county can bang;

Wi' rivers romantic as TAY, TWEED, or YARROW,

And green woodbine bowers weel wordy a sang.

We help yen anudder; we welcome the stranger;

Oursels and our country we'll iver defend;

We pay bits o' taxes as weel as we're yable,

And pray, like true Britons, the war had an end:

Then, Cumberlan lads, and ye lish rwozy lasses,

If some caw ye clownish, ye needn't think sheame;

Be merry and wise, enjoy innocent pleasures,

And aye seek for health and contentment at heame.

\* August 12, 1804.

## BALLAD L.

## JEFF AND JOB.



TUNE,—“ *Fye, gae rub her o'er wi' strae* ”



## JEFF.

COME, Job, let's talk o' weel-kent pleaces,  
 When young tearin chaps were we:  
 Now nin nar us but fremm'd feaces—  
 Few to seyde wi' thee and me!—  
 Years are geane by twee and twonty,  
 Sin I kent thy curly pow—  
 Aye the furst at wark and spwortin,  
 Were JEFF HEYNE and JWOSEP HOWE.

## JOB.

Ay, Jeff! we've lang kent yen anudder;  
 Monie a time when chaps were crouse,  
 And meade a brulliment and bodder,  
 Jeff and Job ha'e clear'd the house;  
 Nin like thee cud fling the geavelick \*;  
 Nin like me lak'd at fit-baw;  
 Wi' pennysteans tou was a darter—  
 I at trippet bang'd tein aw.



\* See Note LIV.



## JEFF.

Then, Job, I mind at your kurn-supper \*,  
 When I first saw Elcy Greame,  
 I cudent eat—my heart it flutter'd—  
 Lang Tom Leytle watch'd us heame :—  
 We were young, and beath i' fettle—  
 He wad feight—we e'en set tuí ;  
 In the clarty seugh I sent him ;  
 Elcy skirl'd—what cud she dui ?

## JOB.

And, Jeff, when met at Cursmas cairdins †,  
 Few durst lake wi' thee and me ;  
 When we'd hack'd the lads aw roun us,  
 Off to th' lasses' bed went we ;  
 The as-buird sarrad as a teable,  
 Legs anundert' claes were laid ;  
 Forby laughin, kissin, jwokin,  
 Monie a harinless prank we play'd.

## JEFF.

Now, Job, we pay for youthfu' follies—  
 Aw our happy days are geane ;—  
 Thou's turn'd grousome, bare and dozen'd,  
 I's just worn to skin and beane.—



\* See Note LV.

† See Note LVI

But maister's comin in a flurry—  
Sarvents aye sud mind their wark ;—  
I mun off to deetin havver—  
Fares-te-weel till efter dark !

*October 12, 1804.*



## BALLAD LI.

### TIB AND HER MAISTER.



I'S tir'd wi' liggin aye my leane ;  
This day seems fair and clear ;  
Seek th' auld grey yad, clap on the pad,  
She's duin nae wark te year :  
Furst, Tib, get me my best lin sark,  
My wig, and new-greas'd shoon ;  
My three-nuik'd hat, and mittens white—  
I'll hev a young weyfe suin\* !  
A young weyfe for me, Tib,  
A young weyfe for me ;  
She'll scart my back whene'er it yuks,  
Sae married I mun be !



\* See Note LVII.

- ‘ Wey, maister ! you’re hawf blin and deaf—  
    ‘ The rain comes pouring down ;—  
‘ Your best lin sark wants beath the laps,  
    ‘ Your three-nuik’d hat the crown ;  
‘ The rattens eat your clouted shoon ;  
    ‘ The yad’s unshod and leame ;  
‘ You’re bent wi’ yeage like onie bōw ;  
    ‘ Sae sit content at heame !  
‘ A young weyfe for ye, man !  
    ‘ A young weyfe for ye !  
‘ They’ll rank ye wi’ the horned nowt  
    ‘ Until the day ye dee.’

O, Tib ! thou aye talks like a fuil !  
    I’s fail’d, but nit sae auld ;  
A young weyfe keeps yen warm i’ bed,  
    When neets are lang and cauld :

I’ve brass far mair than I can count,  
    And sheep, and naigs, and kye ;  
A house luiks howe widont a weyfe—  
    My luck I’ll e’en gae try.

A young weyfe for me, Tib,  
    A young weyfe for me ;  
I yet can lift twa pecks o’ wots,  
    Tho’ turn’d o’ eighty-three.

‘ Weel, maister, ye maun ha’e your way,  
‘ And sin ye’ll wedded be,  
‘ I’s lish and young, and stout and strang,  
‘ Sae what think ye o’ me ?

‘ I’ll keep ye teydey, warm, and clean,  
‘ To wrang ye I wad scworn.’

Tib ! gi’es thy hand ! a bargain be’t—  
We’ll off to kurk to-mworn !

A young weyfe for me, Tib,  
Tou was meade for me ;  
We’ll kiss and coddle aw the neet,  
And aye we’ll happy be.

*November 11, 1804.*



## BALLAD LII.

JWOHNY AND MARY.



TUNE,—“ *Come under my plaidie.*”



YOUNG Mary was canny and bonny as onie lass,  
Jwohny was lusty and weel to be seen ;  
Young Mary was aye the best dancer at murry neets,  
Jwohny had won monie a belt on the green :

Lang, lang they were sweethearts, and nwotish'd by  
neybors;

Th' auld fwok they talk'd, and oft bragg'd o' the  
twee,

For Jwohny thought nin i'the warl like young Mary,  
And Mary thought Jwohny aw she wish'd to see.

A wee swope guid yell is a peer body's comfort\*,

But wo be to him that oft drinks till blin fou!

Young Jwohny ae day off wi' bigg to the market,

And drank wi' some neybors, he little thought how.

His auld fadder watch'd till the black hour o' midneet;

Widout his dear Jwohny the naig gallop'd heame:

They sought, and they fan him that mwornin i' Eden,

Amang the green busses that nod owre the stream.

Auld Gibby he gowls, and aye talks of his Jwohny,

And sits by his greave, and oft meks a sad meane;

Peer Mary, the flow'r of aw flow'rs i' the parish,

Ne'er hods up her head, now her Jwohny is geane.

The dangerous yell-house kills monie brave fellows†,

To get heame quite swober can ne'er be thought  
wrang;

Nae guid comes o'drinkin.—Ye lads aw around me,

At fair, or at market, aye tlink o' my sang!

*November 13, 1804.*

\* See Note LXXII.

† See Note LXX.

## BALLAD LIH.

## THE CLAY DAUBIN.

TUNE,—“*Andrew Carr.*”

WE went owre to Deavie<sup>\*</sup> Clay Daubin<sup>\*</sup>,  
And faith a rare caper we had,  
Wi' eatin, and drinkin, and dancin,  
And rwoarin and singin like mad;

We'd crackin, and jwokin, and braggin,  
And fratchin, and feightin and aw;  
Sec glorious fun and divarsion  
Was ne'er seen in castle or haw.

Sing hey for a snug clay biggin,  
And lasses that like a bit spwort;  
Wi' friends and plenty to gi'e them,  
We'll laugh at King Gworge and his court.

The waws wer aw finish'd er darknin;  
Now, greypes, shouls, and barrows thrown by,  
Auld Deavie spak up, wid a hursle,  
'Od rabbit it! lads, ye'll be dry;



\* See Note LX

‘ See, deame, if we’ve got a swope whusky \*?—  
 ‘ I’s sworry the rum-bottle’s duin—  
 ‘ We’ll starken our keytes, I’ll uphod us—  
 ‘ Come, *Adams* †, rasp up a lal tune!’

When Bill kittl’d up “*Chips and shavins*,”  
 Auld Philip pou’d out Matty Meer,  
 Then nattel’d his heels like a youngen,  
 And caper’d about the clay flear;

He deeted his gob, and he buss’d her,  
 As lish as a lad o’ sixteen;  
 Cries Wull, ‘ Od dy! fadder’s i’ fettle!  
 ‘ His marrow ’ll niver be seen!’

Reet sair did we miss Jemmy Coupland—  
 Bad crops, silly man, meade him feale—  
 Last Sunday fworenuin, efter sarvice,  
 I’ the kurk-garth the clark caw’d his seale ‡:

Peer Jemmy! of aw his bit oddiments  
 A shottle the bealies ha’e ta’en,  
 And now he’s reet fain of a darrak,  
 For pan, dish, or spuin he hes neane.



\* Note LXI.

† *W. Adams*, an excellent country musician, particularly noted for playing jigs and strathspeys; and a man well known at fairs, merry-nights, kurn-suppers, and clay-gaubings.

‡ Note LXII.

Wi' scons, *leather-hungry*\*, and whusky,  
 Auld Aggy erved, 'Meake way for me!  
 'Ye men fwok, eat, drink, and be murry,  
 'While we i' the bower get tea.'

The whillymer eat teugh and teasty,  
 Aw cramm'd fou o' grey pez and seeds;  
 They row'd it up teane agean tudder—  
 Nae dainties the hungry man needs.

Now in com the women fwok buncing—  
 Widout tem there's niver nee fun;—  
 Wi' whusky aw weeted their wizzens,  
 But suin a sad hay-bay begun;  
 For Jock, the young laird, was new wedded,  
 His auld sweetheart Jenny luik'd wae;  
 While some were aw titterin and flyrin,  
 The lads rubb'd her down † wi' pez-strae.

Rob Lowson tuik part wi' peer Jenny,  
 And brong snift'ring Gwordie a cluff;  
 I' th' scuffle they leam'd Lowson' mudder,  
 And fain they'd ha'e stripp'd into buff:



\* This is a ludicrous name given to a poor sort of cheese made of skimmed milk, and made use of by some of the peasants of Cumberland as a part of their meals. It is also sometimes called whillymer, and sometimes Rosley cheshire. A more particular description of this cheese will be found in Note I. at the end of the volume.

† See Note LXIII.



Neist Peter caw'd Gibby a rebel,  
And aw rwoar'd out, that was wheyte wrang;  
Cried Deavie, ' Sheake hans, and nae mair on't—  
' I's sing ye a bit of a sang.'

He lilted "*The King and the Tinker*,"  
And Wully strack up "*Robin Hood*;"  
Dick Mingins tried "*Hooly and Fairly*,"  
And Martha, "*The Babs o' the Wood*:"  
They push'd round a glass like a noggin,  
And bottom'd the greybeard complete;  
Then crack'd till the muin glowr'd amang them,  
And wish'd yen anudder guid neet.

December 21, 1804.

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END OF

*The former Edition of*  
THE BALLADS.

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# Cumberland Ballads

NEVER BEFORE PUBLISHED.



## BALLAD LIV.

*The Fellows round Torkin\*.*



TUNE,—“*The Yorkshire Concert.*”



WE'RE aw feyne fellows round Torkin ;

We're aw guid fellows weel met ;

We're aw wet fellows round Torkin,

Sae faikins we mun hev a sweat :

Let's drink to the lasses about us,

'Till Day's braid glare bids us start ;

We'll sup till the saller be empty—

Come, Dicky, lad, boddom the quart.

I'll gi'e ye, says Dick, durty Dinah,

That's ay big wi' bairn fwok suppose ;

She sticks out her lip like a pentes,

To kep what may drop frae her niose :



\* A wood-covered hill, near Crofton Hall, in Cumberland.

Like a hay-stack she hoists up ae shouder,  
And scarts, for she's nit varra soun :  
Wi' legs thick as mill-pwosts, and greasy,  
The deevil cud nit ding her down !

We're aw odd fellows round Torkin ;  
We're aw larn'd fellows weel met ;  
We're aw rich fellows round Torkin,  
Sae faikins we mun hev a sweat :

Let's drink to the lasses about us,  
'Till Day's braid glare bids us part ;  
We'll sup till the saller be empty—  
Come, Matthew, lad, boddom the quart.

I'll gi'e ye, says Matt, midden Marget,  
That squints wi' the left-handed e'e ;  
When at other fellows she's gleymin,  
I's freeten'd she's luikin at me :

She smells far stranger than carrion,  
Her cheeks are as dark as hung beef,  
Her breasts are as flat as a back-buird ;  
'Mang sluts she's aye counted the chief !

We're aw wise fellows round Torkin ;  
We're aw neyce fellows weel met ;  
We're aw sad fellows round Torkin,  
Sae faikins we mun hev a sweat :

Let's drink to the lasses about us,  
'Till Day's braid glare bids us part;  
We'll sup 'till the saller be empty—  
Come, Gwordy, lad, bottom the quart.

I'll gi'e ye, says Gworge, geapin Grizzy,  
Wi' girt feet and marrowless legs;  
Her red neb wad set fire to brunstone;  
Her een are as big as duck eggs:

She's shep'd tike a sweyne i' the middle,  
Her skin freckl'd aw like a gleid;  
Her mouth's weyde as onie town yubbem,  
We're freeten'd she'll swally her head!

We're aw strang fellows round Torkin;  
We're aw lish fellows weel met;  
We're aw top fellows round Torkin,  
Sae faikins we mun hev a sweat:

Let's drink to the lasses about us,  
'Till Day's braid glare bids us start;  
We'll sup till the saller be empty—  
Come, Wully, lad, boddom the quart.

I'll gi'e ye, says Wull, winkin Winny,  
That measures exact three feet eight,  
But wi' roun-shoulder'd Ruth, or tall Tibby,  
She'll scart, and she'll girn, and she'll feght;

She's cruik'd as an S— wid a hip out,  
Her feet flat and braid, as big fluiks;  
Her feace is as lang as a fiddle,  
And aw spatter'd owre wi' red plouks!

We're aw young fellows round Torkin;  
We're aw teeght fellows weel met;  
We're aw brave fellows round Torkin,  
Sae faikins we mun hev a sweat:

Let's drink to the lasses about us,  
'Till Day's braid glare bids us part;  
We'll sup till the saller be empty—  
Come, Mwosy, lad, boddom the quart.

I'll gi'e ye, says Mwose, mantin Matty,  
That lisps thro' her black rotten teeth;  
You can't catch five words in ten minutes;  
If gowlin, she'd flay yen to death:

Her feace like auld Nick's nutnig grater,  
And yallow neck bitten wi' fleas;  
She's troubl'd wi' win ay at meale teymes,  
And belshes to give hersel ease!

We're aw cute fellows round Torkin;  
We're aw sharp fellows weel met;  
We're aw rare fellows round Torkin,  
Sae faikins we mun hev a sweat:

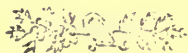
Let's drink to the lasses about us,  
'Till Day's braid glare bids us part ;  
We'll sup 'till the saller be empty—  
Come, Nathan, lad, bottom the quart.

I'll gi'e you, says Natt, noisy Nanny,  
That chows shag 'bacco for fun ;  
She cocks her belly when walkin,  
And ay luiks down to the grun :

She talks beath sleepin and wakin,  
And crowks like a tead when she speaks ;  
On her nwose en the hair grows like stibble,  
And gravey drops run owre her cheeks !

We're aw teugh fellows round Torkin ;  
We're aw rash fellows weell met ;  
We're aw queer fellows round Torkin,  
Sae faikins we mun hev a sweat :

Let's drink to the lang, leame, and lazy,  
Deef, dum, black, brown, bleer-e'ed, and blin,  
May they suin get weel weddet, and beddet,  
If lads they can onie where fin !



## BALLAD LV.

*The Dalston Player-fwok.*TUNE,—“ *Derry Down.*”

COME, stur the fire, Shadrich ! and harken to me ;  
 I went up to DAWSTON their Play-fwok to see,  
 And paid my cruik'd tizzy, and gat a front seat ;  
 Thrang as three in a bed, they were wedg'd in that  
                   neet.

Derry Down, &amp;c.

Furst, the ban on their hoyboys and pipes did sae  
                   cruin,  
 Tho' they blew oft and sair, it ay seem'd the seame  
                   tune :

Aw was famish confusion, but when they began,  
 Lack-a-day ! the Fair Penitent prui'd but a man !  
                                   Derry Down, &c.

When they chink'd a lal bell, there was yen summet  
                   spak,  
 But he hung down his head, and he held up his back ;  
 The picture caw'd GARRICK abuin the stage stood,  
 I thought it yence laugh'd, and i' faith weel it mud !  
                                   Derry Down, &c.



Like a hawf white-wash'd sweep, yen *Orashi*\* bunc'd in  
And he tweyn'd leyke an edder, and cock'd up his  
chin;

In his yallow plush breeks, and lang black rusty  
sword,

Wid his square gob weyde open—thought I, what a  
Lword!

Derry Down, &c.

He was drucken, (that's sarten); he cud'nt get on;  
“Loavins!” cried an auld woman; “What, that's  
RUTSON' JWOHN!

“Mess, but he's a darter!”—“A topper!” says I,  
“Was he but in a meadow, he'd freeten the kye.”

Derry Down, &c.

In bonny flow'r'd weastwoat, and full-bottom'd wig,  
Auld *Siholto* he squeek'd leyke a stuck guinea pig;  
Then his dowter he fratch'd, and her sweetheart forby,  
O man, it was movin, and meade the bairns cry.

Derry Down, &c.

Yen whisper'd me softly, “That's CLOGGER JWOHN  
BELL.”

Says I, “Leyke enegh—*of that man I've heard tell.*”  
Now a tweesome talk'd loud, but nit varra discreet,  
For they promis'd *twea whores*† afore nuin they wad  
meet.

Derry Down, &c.



\* The manner in which they pronounced the different names.

† Two hours.

Frae tae fit to tudder, *Lothari* he hopp'd,  
Aw leyke clock-wark; his words tui how neycely he  
chopp'd!

Peer body! he waddent lig whiet when dead,  
Sae they e'en lugg'd him out by the heels and the  
head.

Derry Down, &c.

There was yen wid a weast thick as onie barl kurn,  
He poud up his pettikits, then gev a gurn;  
And he luik'd as to say, "NOW, WHAT THINK YE  
O' ME?"

A lal lass spak the truth, It was shocken to see!

Derry Down, &c.

Neist a clever lish chap, wid his feyne red-leed  
cheeks,  
Blew his nwise wid his fingers, and hotch'd up his  
breeks;  
Then he tuik a fresh chow, and the auld'n threw out,  
And said, "Dui be whiet: what's aw this about?"

Derry Down, &c.

The schuilmaister, gager, and twee or three mair,  
Had seen mister PUNCH play his pranks at a fair;  
Efter far-larned threepin, at last, at the Bell,  
'Twas agreed, nit ev'n PUNCH cou'd thur heroes  
exceel.

Derry Down, &c.

Sec struttin and wheynin, may please dwoatin fuils,  
 Or rough-headed callans, just sent off to schuils:  
 But hadst thou e'er dreamt o' sec actin, dear ROWE,  
 For sarten, thou ne'er wad ha'e written at aw.

Derry Down, &c.

Ye wise men o' Dawston, stick clwose to your wark,  
 Sit at heame wi' your weyves and your bairns efter  
 dark:

To be caw'd kings and heroes is pleasin indeed,  
 But before you turn player-fwok, furst larn to read!

Derry Down, &c.



## BALLAD LVI.

### OUR JWohnny.



TUNE,—“ *Lillibulero*.”



OUR Jwohnnny's just turn'd' till a parfet atomy,  
 Nowther works, eats, drinks, or sleeps as he sud;  
 He seeghs in a nuik, and fins faut wid his poddish,  
 And luiks like a deyl'd body, spoil'd for aw gud.  
 He reaves in his sleep, and reads buiks o' luive letters,  
 Ae turn efter dark, nae, he'll nit dui at aw!  
 But ae neet, last week, I detarmin'd to watch him,  
 And suin, wi' his sweetheart our Jwohnnny I saw.

I cower'd my ways down, ahint our young eshes,  
And by went the tweesome,—he seem'd nit the  
seame ;  
They laugh'd, kiss'd and cutter'd—nought bad past  
atween them ;  
I gat what I wanted, and sae crap off heame :  
Our lanlword' lass, Letty, his heart hes in keepin,  
To be seer she's a sarvent, but weel to be seen ;  
She's lish, young and bonny, and honest as onie,  
In hard workin poverty I see nought that's mean !  
The fadder o' Jwohnnny was my fellow-sarvent ;  
God rest him ! his marrow I's ne'er to see mair !  
Auld Matthew had gear, and follow'd me weekly,  
And cut me a lock of his gray grizzled hair ;  
Had I wedded Matthew, I'd now been a leady,  
But fourscwore and twonty can never agree :  
Our Jwohnnny may e'en try his luck, and get wedded,  
And they sal ha'e baith stock and crop when I dee.



## BALLAD LVII.

## KING ROGER.

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TUNE,—“ *Hallow Fair.*”

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'TWAS but tudder neet, efter darknin,  
We sat owre a bleezing turf fire ;  
Our deame she was sturrin a cow-drink,  
Our Betty milk'd kye in the byre :

“ Ay, fadder !” cried out our lal Roger,  
“ I wish I wer nobbet a king !”  
“ Wey, what wad te dui ? (says I), Roger,  
“ Suppose tou cud tek thy full swing ?”

“ Furst, you sud be lword judge, and bishop ;  
“ My mudder sud hev a gold crutch :  
“ I'd build for the peer fwok feyne houses,  
“ And gi'e them—aye, ever sae much !

“ Our Betty sud wed Charley Miggins,  
“ And wear her stamp'd gown ev'ry day ;  
“ Sec dancin we'd hev in the cock-loft,  
“ Bill Adams the fiddle sud play.

- “ A posset I’d hev to my breakfast,  
“ And sup wid a breet siller spuin;  
“ For dinner I’d hev a fat crowdy,  
“ And strang tea at mid efternuin :
- “ I’d wear neyce wheyte cottinet stockins,  
“ And new gambaleery clean shoes,  
“ Wi’ jimp lively black fustin briches,  
“ And ev’ry feyne thing I cud choose.
- “ I’d hev monie thousands o’shippen,  
“ To sail the weyde warl aw about ;  
“ I’d say to my soldiers, *Gang owre seas,*  
“ *And kill the French dogs, out and out !*
- “ On our lang-tail’d naig I’d be mounted,  
“ My footmen in silver and green ;  
“ And when I’d seen aw foreign countries,  
“ I’d mek Aggy Glaister my queen.
- “ Our meadow sud be a girt worchet,  
“ And grow nought at aw but big plums ;  
“ A schuilhouse we’d build——As for maister,  
“ We’d e’en hing him up by the thums.
- “ Joss Feddon sud be my head huntsman,  
“ We’d keep seeven couple o’ dogs,  
“ And kill aw the hares i’ the kingdom ;  
“ My mudder sud wear weel-greas’d clogs.

- “ Then Cursmass sud last, ay for ever !  
“ And Sundays we’d ha’e twayce a-week ;  
“ The muin sud shew leet aw the winter ;  
“ Our cat and ‘our cwoley’ sud<sup>s</sup> speak :  
“ The peer fwok sud live widout workin,  
“ And feed on ‘plum<sup>s</sup>-puddin’ and beef ;  
“ Then aw wad be happy, for sarten,  
“ There nowther cud be rwogue or thief !”

Now thus ran on leytle king Roger,  
But suin ‘aw his happiness fled ;  
A spark frae thie fire brunt his knuckle,  
And off he crap whingin to bed :

Thus fares it wi’ beath young and auld fwok,  
Frae king to the beggar we see ;  
Just cröss us i’ th’ midst o’ our greatness,  
And peer wretched creatures are we !



## BALLAD LVIII.

KITT CRAFFET.

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TUNE,—“ *Come under my plaidie.*”

---

ISAAC CROSSET, o' Chawk\*, a feyne heed-sten  
hes cutten,

And just setten't up owr anent the kurk en;  
A chubby-feac'd angel o'top on't they've putten,  
And varses, as gud as e'er com frae a pen:

It's for auld Kit Craffet, our wordy wise neybor,  
God rest him! a better man ne'er wore a head;  
He's nit left his fellow thro' aw the heale county,  
And monie peer fwok are in want, now he's dead.

I mind when at schuil, a reet top<sup>r</sup> scholar was he;  
Of lakin or rampin nae nwotion had he,  
But uar the auld thworn he wad sit and keep mwosin,  
And caw'd it a sin just to kill a peer flee:

A penny he never let rest in his pocket,  
But gev't to the furst beggar body he met;  
Then at kurk he cud follow the priest thro' the sar-  
vice,  
And as for a tribble he never was bet.

---

\* Shawk.



Tho' he wan seeven belts lang afwore he was twenty,  
And in SCEALEBY meadow oft tuik off the baw,  
Yet he kent aw the beyble, algebra, Josephus,  
And capp'd the priest, maister, exciseman and aw.  
He cud talk about battles, balloons, burning mountains,  
And wars, till baith young and auld trimmel'd for fear,  
Then he'd tell how they us'd the "*peer West Indie  
negers,*"  
And stamp wid his fit, aye, and drop monie a tear.

When he red about parliments, pleaces, and changes  
He flang by the paper, and cried, "Silly stuff!"  
"The *Outs* wad be *in*, and the *Ins* rob their country,  
"They're nit aw together worth ae pinch o' snuff!"  
His creed was—Be statesmen but just, Britons loyal,  
And lang as our shippen reyde maisters at sea,  
We'll laugh at the puffin o' vain Bonnyparty,  
As suin may he conquer the deevil as we.

Then when onie neybor was fash'd by the turnies,  
Oh, it meade him happy if he cud be bail!  
Twea-thurds of his income he gev away yearly,  
And actually tuik peer Tom Lanton frae jail.  
He was yence cross'd in luive by a guid-for-nought  
hussey,  
But if onie lass by her sweetheart was wrang'd,  
He wad give her guid counsel, and lecture the fellow,  
And oft did he wish aw sec skeybels were hang'd.

He cud mek pills and plaisters as weel as our doctor,  
 And cure cholic, aga, and jaunice forby ;  
 As for grease, or the glanders, red watter, or fellen,  
 Nin o'them was leyke him, amang naigs or kye :  
 What, he talk'd to the bishop about agriculture,  
 And yence went to Plymouth to see the grand fleet ;  
 As for the brave sailors trail'd off by the press-gangs,  
 " Od die them !" he said, " THAT CAN NEVER BE  
 REET !"

He ne'er was a drinker, a swearer, a feghter,  
 A cocker, a gamler, a fop, or a fuil ;  
 But left this sad warl just at threescore and seven,  
 I' the clay house his granfader built wi' the schuil.  
 Oh ! monie a saut tear will be shed ev'ry Sunday,  
 In reading the vases they've stuck on his steane ;  
 'Till watters run up bank, and trees they grow down  
 bank,  
 We never can luik on his marrow agean !

*January 2, 1807.*



## BALLAD LIX.

## ELIZABETH' BURTH-DAY.

TUNE, "*Lillibulero*."

JENNY.

"AY, WULLIAM! neist Monday's ELIZABETH' burth  
day!

She is a neyce lass, tho' she were nin o' mine.  
We mun ax the Miss Dowsons, and aul BRODIE'  
young fwok:

I wish-I'd but seav'd a swop geuseberry wine.

She'll be sebhenteen; what, she's got thro' her larnin;  
She dances as I did, when furst I kent thee.

As for TOM, her cruik'd billy, he stumps leyke a  
cwoach-horse;

We'll ne'er mek a man on him, aw we can dee."

WULLIAM.

"Hut, JENNY! hod tongue o' thee! praise nae sec  
varment,

She won't men a sark, but reads novels, proud  
brat!

She dance! What she turns in her taes, thou peer  
gonny,

Caw her *Bet*, 'twas the neame her auld granny ay  
gat.

No, TOMMY for my money ! he reads his beyble,  
 And hes sec a lovinly squint wid his een ;  
 He sheps as leyke me, as ae bean's leyke anudder ;  
 She snurls up her neb, just a shem to be seen !”

## JENNY.

“ Shaf, WULLY ! that's fashion—tou kens nout about  
 it ;

She's streyt as a resh, and as red as a rrose,  
 She's sharp as a needle, and luiks leyke a leady ;  
 Thou talks, man—a lass cannot meake her awn  
 nwose !

She's dilicate meade, and nit fit for the country ;  
 For TOM, he's knock-knee'd, wi' twea girt ass-buird  
 feet ;

God help them he sheps like ! they've little to brag  
 on ;

Tho' our's, I've oft thought, he was nit varra reet.”

## WULLIAM.

“ O, JEN ! thon's run mad wi' thy gossips and trum-  
 pery :—

Our lal bit o' lan we maun sell, I declare ;  
 I yence thought thee an angel,—thou's turn'd just a  
 deevil,

Has fash'd me reet lang, and oft vexes me sair :  
 This fashion and feasting brings monie to ruin,  
 A duir o' my house they shall nit come within ;  
 As for BET, if she dunnet gang off till a sarvice,  
 When I's dead and geane she shall nit hev a pin.”

JENNY.

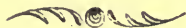
“ Stop, WULL ! whee was’t brong thee that fortune ?  
peer gomas !

Just thurteen gud yacres as lig to the sun ;  
When I tuik up wi’ thee, I’d lost peer GWORDY  
GLOSSIP,

I’ve rue’d sin that hour to the kurk when we run :  
Were thou cauld and coffin’d, I’d suin get a better ;  
Sae creep off to bed, nit a word let us hear !  
They shall come, if God spare us, far mair than I  
mention’d—

ELIZABETH’ burth-day but comes yence a-year !

*January 2, 1807.*



## BALLAD LX.



BORROWDALE JWOHNNY.



TUNE,—“ *I am a young fellow.*”



I’S Borrowdale Jwohnnny, just cumt up to Lunnon,  
Nay, girn nit at me, for fear I laugh at you :  
I’ve seen knaves donu’d i’ silks, and good men gang  
in tatters,  
The truth we sud tell, and gi’e auld Nick his due.

Nan Watt pruv'd wi' bairn, what, they caw'd me the  
fadder;

Thinks I, *skekum filthy!* be off in a treyce!  
Nine Carel bank nwotes mudder slipt i' my pocket,  
And fadder neist ga'e me reet holesome adveyce.

Says he, "Keep fra'et lasses! and ne'er luik ahint  
thee,"

We're deep as the best o' them, fadder, says I.  
They pack'd up ae sark, Sunday weasewoat, twee  
neckcloths,

Wot bannock, could dumplin, and top stannin pye:

I mounted black filly, bade God bliss the auld fwok,  
Cries fadder, "Tou's larn'd, Jwohn, and hes nought  
to fear;

"Caw and see cousin Jacep! he's got aw the money;  
"He'll get thee some guverment pleace,—to be  
seer!"

I stopp'd on a fell, tuik a lang luik at SKIDDAW,  
And neist at the schuil-house amang the esh trees;  
Last thing, saw the smuik rising up frae our chimley,  
And fan aw quite queer, wid a heart ill at ease:

But summet within me, cried, Pou up thy spirits!  
There's luck, says auld Lizzy, in feacin' the sun;  
Tou's young, lish and clever, may wed a feyne leady,  
And come heame a Nabob—aye, sure as a gun!

Knowing manners, what, I doff'd my hat to aw strangers,

Wid a spur on my heel, a yek siplin in hand,  
It tuik me nine days and six hours comin up-bank,  
At the *Whorns*—aye, 'twas *Highget*, a chap bad me stand;

Says he, "How's all friends in the North, honest Johnny?"

Odswunters! I says, what, ye divent ken me!—  
I paid twee wheyte shillins, and fain was to see him,  
Nit thinkiu on't road onie 'quaintance to see.

Neist thing, what big kurks, gilded cwoaches, hee houses,

And fwok runnin thro' other leyke *Carel Fair*;  
I ax'd a smart chap where to fin cousin Jacep,  
Says he, "Clown, go look!" Friend, says I, tell me where?

Fadder' letter to Jacep had got nae *subscription*,

Sae, when I was glowrin and siz'lin about,  
A wheyte-feac'd young lass, aw dress'd out leyke a leady,  
Cried, "Pray, Sir, step in\*!" but I wish I'd kept out.



\* See Frontispiece.

She pou'd at a bell, leyke our kurk-bell it sounded,  
In com sarvent lass, and she worder'd some weyne;  
Says I, I's nit dry, sae, pray, Madam, excuse me!  
Nay, what she insisted I sud stop and deyne.

She meade varra free,—'twas a shem and a byzen!  
I thought her in luive wi' my *parson*, for sure;  
And promis'd to caw agean:—as for black filly,  
(Wad onie believ't!) she was stown frae the duir!

Od dang't! War than that:—when I greap'd my  
breek-pocket,  
I fan fadder' watch, and the nwotes were aw gaen;  
It was neet, and I luik'd lang and sair for kent feaces,  
But Burrowdale fwok I cud never see neane.

I slept on the flags, just ahint a kurk corner,  
A chap wid a girt stick and lantern com by,  
He caw'd me peace-breaker—says I, Thou's a lear—  
In a pleace leyke a saller they fworc'd me to lie.

Nae caff bed or blankets for silly pilgarlic;  
Deil a wink cud I sleep, nay nor yet see a steyme;  
Neist day I was ta'en to the Narration Offish,  
When a man in a wig said, I'd duin a sad creyme.

Then ane ax'd my neame, and he pat on his *speckets*,  
Says I, JWOHNNY CRUCKDEYKE—*I's Borrowdale  
bworn.*

Whea think ye it pruv'd, but my awn cousin Jacep,  
He seav'd me fraet gallows, aye that varra mworn.



He spak to my Lword, some hard words, quite out-  
landish,  
Then caw'd for his coach, and away we ruid heame;  
He ax'd varra kind efter fadder and mudder,  
I said they were bravely, and neist saw his deame:  
She's aw puff and poulder; as for cousin Jacep,  
He's got owre much gear to teake nwotish o' me;  
But if onie amang ye sud want a lish sarvent,  
Just bid me a weage—I'll upod ye, we's 'gree.

January 4, 1807.



## BALLAD LXI.

LANG SEYNE.



TUNE,—“*Tak your auld cloak about ye.*”



THE last new shun our BETTY gat,  
They pinch her feet, the deil may care!  
What, she mud ha'e them leady like,  
Tho' she hes cworns, for evermair:  
Nae black gairn stockings will she wear,  
They mun be white, and cotton feyne!  
This meks me think of other times,  
The happy days o' auld lang seyne!

Our dowter, tui; a *palace*\* bought,  
A guid red clwoak she cannot wear;  
And stáys, she says, spoil leady's sheps—  
Oh! it wad mek a párson swear.  
Nít ae han's turn o' wark she'll dui;  
She'll nowther milk or sarrat sweyne—  
The country's puzzen'd round wi' preyde,  
For lasses wórk'd reet hard lang seyne.

We've three guid rooms in our clay house,  
Just big eneugh for sec as we;  
They'd hev a parlour built wi' bricks,  
I mud submit—what cud I dee?  
The sattle neist was thrónn aseyde,  
It meeght ha'e sarra'd me and mine;  
My mudder thought it méns'd a house—  
But we think shem o' auld lang seyne!

We us'd to ga tò bed at dark,  
And ruse agean at four or five;  
The mworn's the only time for wark,  
If fwok are hilthy, and wou'd thrive:  
Now we get up,—nay, God kens when!  
And nuin's owre suin for us to deyne;  
I's hungry or the pot's hawf boil'd,  
And wish for times like auld lang seyne.



Deuce tek the fuil-invented tea !

For tweyce a-day we that mun have ;

Then taxes get sae monstrous hee,

The deil a plack yen now can seave !

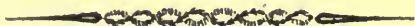
There's been nae luck throughout the lan,

Sin fwok mud like their betters sheyne ;

French fashions mek us parfet fuils ;

We're caff and san to auld lang seyne !

*January 5, 1807.*



## BALLAD LXII.

### THE AULD BEGGAR.



I MET the auld man; wid his starv'd grey cur near  
him,

The blasts owre the mountains blew cauld i' the  
vale ;

Nae heame to receive him, few strange fwok to hear  
him,

And thin wer his patch'd duds, he mickle did ail :  
A tear dimm'd his e'e, his feace furrow'd by sorrow,  
Seem'd to say, he frae whope nit ae comfort cud bor-  
row,

And sad was the beggarman's teale.

‘ Behold,’ he cried, seeghing, ‘ the spwort of false fortune !

‘ The peer wretched outcast, the beggar you see,  
‘ Yence boasted o’ wealth, but the warld is uncertain,  
‘ And friens o’ my youth smeyle næ langer on me :  
‘ I’s the last o’ the flock, my weyfe Ann for Heav’n  
left me,  
‘ Of my only lad, Tim, accurst war neist bereft me ;  
‘ My yage’s suppwort lang was he !

‘ Yence in the proud city, I smeyl’d amang plenty,  
‘ Frae east and frae west, monie a vessel then bore  
‘ To me the rich cargo, to me the feyne dainty,  
‘ And the peer hungry bodies still shar’d of my  
store :  
‘ A storm sunk my shippen, by false friens surround-  
ed,  
‘ The laugh o’ the girt fwok,—this meade me con-  
founded,  
‘ Ilk prospec for ever was o’er !

‘ I creep owre the mountains, but meast in the vallies,  
‘ And wi’ my foud dog share a crust at the duir ;  
‘ I shun the girt fwok, and ilk house leyke a palace,  
‘ For sweetest to me is the meyte frae the puir ;  
‘ At neet, when on strae wi’ my faithfu’ dog lyin,  
‘ I thank Him that meade me, for what I’s enjoyin ;  
‘ His promise I whope to secure !



## BALLAD LXIII.

*The Buck of Kingwatter\*.*

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TUNE,—“*The Breckans of Brampton.*”

---

WHEN I was single, I rid a feyne naig,  
And was caw'd the Buck o' Kingwatter;  
Now the cwoat o' my back has got but ae sleeve,  
And my breeks are aw in a tatter.  
Sing, Oh, the lasses! the lazy lasses!  
Keep frae the lasses o' Branton!  
I ne'er wou'd hae married, that day I married,  
But I was young, feulish, and wanton.

I courted a lass—an angel I thought—  
She's turn'd out the picture of evil;  
She geapes, yen may count ev'ry tuith in her head,  
And shouts, fit to freeten the deevil.  
Sing, Oh, the lasses, &c.

To-day she slipt out, some 'bacco to buy,  
And bade me mind rock the cradle;  
I cowp'd ovr asleep, but suin she com in,  
And brak aw my head wi' the ladle.  
Sing, Oh, the lasses, &c.

---

\* The river King, near Gilsland.  
K 2

I ne'er had a heart to hannle a gun,  
Or I'd run away, and leave her :  
She pretends to win purns, but that's aw fun,  
They say she's owr kind wi' the weaver.  
Sing, Oh, the lasses, &c.

I dinnerless gang ae hawf o' the week ;  
If we get a bit meat on a Sunday,  
She cuts me nae mair than wad physic a sneype ;  
Then we've tatey and point ev'ry Monday.  
Sing, Oh, the lasses, &c.

Tho' weary o' life, with this gud-for-nought wife,  
I wish I cud get sec anudder ;  
And then I cud gi'e the deevil the tane,  
For taking away the tudder !  
Sing, Oh, the lasses ! the lazy lasses !  
Beware o' the lasses o' Branton !  
I ne'er wou'd hae married, that day I married,  
But I was young, feulish, and wanton.

*January 6, 1807.*



## BALLAD LXIV.

## MARGET O' THE MILL.

TUNE,—“*Tom Starboard.*”

HER fadder's whope, her mudder's preyde,  
Was black-ey'd Marget o' the Mill,  
And summer day, or winter neet,  
Was happy, chearfu', busy still;  
And Ralph, her fadder, oft declar'd,  
His darlin forty pund's shou'd have  
The day a husban tuik her han,  
And mair, if lang he sceap'd the greave.

The lily and the deyke-rwose beath,  
Wer mix'd in Marget's bonny feace;  
Her form mud win the cauldest heart,  
And her's was Nature's modest greace:  
Her luik drew monie a neybor laird,  
Her een luive's piercin arrows fir'd;  
But nae rich laird cud gain the han  
O' this fair flow'r, by aw admir'd.

Oh, luckless hour! at town ae day,  
Yen in a soldier's dress she saw;  
He stule her heart, and frae that hour  
May Marget date a leyfe of woe:

For now she shuns aw roun the mill,  
Nae langer to her bosom dear;  
And faded is her bonny feace,  
And dim her e'e wi' monie a tear.

Peer Marget! yence a fadder's preyde,  
Is now widout a fadder left;  
Deserted, aw day lang she moans,  
Luive's victim, of ilk whope bereft!  
Ye lasses, aw seducers shun,  
And think o' Marget o' the Mill;  
She, crazy, daunders wid her bairn,  
A prey to luive and sorrow still.

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## BALLAD LXV.

MADAM JANE.

---

TUNE,—“*I will ha'e a wife.*”

---

MONEY meks us bonny,  
Money meks us glad;  
Be she auld or ugly,  
Money brings a lad.



When I'd ne'er a penny,  
Deil a lad had I;  
Pointin ay at Jenny,  
Laughin, they flew by.

Money causes flatt'ry,  
Money meks us vain;  
Money changes aw things—  
Now I'm MADAM JANE!

Sin auld Robby left me  
Houses, fields, nit few,  
Lads thrang round i' clusters—  
I'm a beauty now!

Money meks us merry,  
Money meks us bra';  
Money gets us sweethearts—  
That's the best of a'!

I ha'e fat and slender,  
I ha'e short and tall;  
I ha'e rake and miser—  
I despise them all!

Money they're aw seeking,  
Money they's get neane;  
Money sends them sneaking  
Efter MADAM JANE!

There's ane puir and bashfu',  
I ha'e i' my e'e;  
He's get han' and siller,  
Gin he fancies me.

Money meks us bonny,  
Money meks us glad;  
Be she leame and lazy,  
Money brings a lad.

*January 6, 1807.*



## BALLAD LXVI.

### YOUNG SUSY.



TUNE,—“*Dainty Davie.*”



YOUNG SUSY is a bonny lass,  
A canny lass, a teydey lass,  
A mettled lass, a hearty lass,  
As onie yen can see;  
A clean-heel'd lass, a weel-spok lass,  
A buik-larn'd lass, a kurk-gawn lass,  
I watena how its come to pass,  
She's meade a fuil o' me.

I's tir'd o' workin—plowin, sowin,  
Deetin, deykin, threshin, mowin;  
Seeghin, greanin, never knowin

What I's gawn to de.

I met her—aye, twas this day week!  
Od die! thought I, I'll try to speak!  
But tried in vain the teale to seek,

For sec a lass is she;

Her jet-black hair hawf hides her brow,  
Her een just thirl yen thro' and thro'—  
But, Oh! her cheeks and cherry mou

Are far owre sweet to see!

I's tir'd o' workin, &c.

Oh, cou'd I put her in a sang!  
To hear her praise the heale day lang,  
She mud consent to kurk to gang;

There's puirer fwok than me!

But I can nowther rhyme nor rave,  
Luive meks yen sec a coward slave;  
I'd better far sleep i' my grave,

But, Oh! that munnet be!

I's tir'd o' workin—plowin, sowin,  
Deetin, deykin, threshin, mowin;  
Seeghin, greanin, never knowin

What I's gawn to de.

*January 6, 1807.*



## BALLAD LXVII.

## THE REDBREEST.

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TUNE,—“ *Hallow Fair.*”

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COME into my cabin, red Robin!

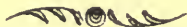
Threyce welcome, lal warbler, to me!  
Now Skiddaw hes got his wheyte cap on,  
Agean I'll gi' shelter to thee.  
Just hop thy ways into my pantry,  
And feast on my peer humble fare;  
I never was fash'd wid a dainty,  
But meyne, man or burd sal ay share.

Now four years are by-geane, red Robin,  
Sin furst thou com singin to me;  
But, Oh, how I's chang'd, little Robin,  
Sin furst I bade welcome to thee!  
I then had a bonny bit lassie,  
Away wid anudder she's geane;  
My friens wad oft caw at my cabin,  
Now dowie I seegh aw my leane.

Oh, where is thy sweetheart, red Robin?  
Ga' bring her frae honse-top, or tree;  
I'll bid her be true to sweet Robin,  
For false was a lassie to me.

You'll share ev'ry crum i' my cabin,  
We'll sing the cauld winter away;  
I wunnet deceive ye, peer burdies!  
Let mortals use me as they may.

*November, 1800.*



### BALLAD LXVIII.

#### *Threescwore and Nineteen.*



*TUNE by the Author.*

Sung with great applause by MASTER T. EMLEY.



AYE, aye, I's feeble grown,  
And feckless—weel I may!  
I's threescwore and nineteen,  
Aye, just this varra-day!  
I ha'e na teeth, my meat to chew,  
But little sarras me!  
The best thing I eat or drink,  
Is just a cup o' tea!

Aye, aye, the bairns mak gam,  
And pleague me, suin and late;  
Men fwok I like i' my heart,  
But bairns and lasses hate!

This gown o' mine's lang i' the weast,  
Aul-fashion'd i' the sleeve;  
It meks me luik like fourscore,  
I varily believe!

Aye, aye, what I's deef,  
My hearin's quite gane;  
I's fash'd wi' that sad cough, aw neet,  
But little I complain.

I smuik a bit, and cough a bit,  
And then I try to spin;  
And then I daddle to the duir,  
And then I daddle in.

Aye, aye, I wonder much,  
How women can get men!  
I've tried for threescore years, and mair,  
But never could get ane!—

Deil tek the cat! what is she at?  
Lie quiet on the chair!  
I thought it e'en was DANIEL STRANG,  
Comin' up the stair!

Aye, aye, I've bed, and box,  
And kist, and clock, and wheel,  
And tub, and rock, and stuil, and pan,  
And chair, and dish, and reel;

And luiking-glass, and chamer-pot,  
 And bottles for smaw beer;  
 Mouse-trap, sawt-box, kettle, and—  
 That's DANNY sure I hear!

Aye, aye, he's young eneugh,  
 But, Oh! a reet neyce man!  
 And I wad ne'er be caul in bed,  
 Cou'd I but marry DAN!  
 Deuce tek that cough! that weary cough!  
 It never lets me be!  
 I's kilt wi' that, and gravel beath—  
 Oh, DANIEL, come to me!

*January 8, 1807.*

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## BALLAD LXIX.

SILLY ANDREW.

==  
 TUNE,—“ *Wandering Willy.*”  
 ~~~~~

O HOW can I get a bit weyfe? says lang Andrew,
 Shadric, come tell me, lad, what I mun dee;
 Tou kens I's just twenty,
 Ha'e houses, lans plenty,
 A partner I want—ay—
 But nin'll ha'e me!

'Twas furst blue-e'ed Betty that meade my mout'a
watter,

She darn'd my auld stockings, my crivet and aw;

Last harvest, when sheerin,

Wi' jibin and jeerin,

She fworc'd me to swearin—

Bett ne'er mair I saw!

Neist, red-headed Hannah to me seem'd an angel,

And com to our house monie a neet wid her wark;

I yence ax'd to set her,

She said, she kent better!

Whea thinks te can get her?

E'en daft Symie Clark!

Then smaw-weasted Winny meade gowns for our
Jenny;

Andrew, man, stick tull her! mudder oft said;

She hes feyne sense, and money,

Young, lish, smart, and bonny,

Is a match, aye for onie.—

But she's for black Ned!

Then how can I get a bit weyfe? tell me, Shadric!

Tou mun be reet happy, they're aw fond o' thee!

I've follow'd Nan, Tibby,

Sall, Mall, Fan, and Sibby,

Ett, Luke, Doll, and Debby;

But nin'll ha'e me!



BALLAD LXX.

AULD ROBBY MILLER.

TUNE,—“ *Gin I had a wee house.*”

OH, cud I but see the blithe days I ha'e seen,
When I was a lish laughin lass o' sixteen !
Then lads lap around, and said nin was leyke me,
Now they're aw fled away, and I's turn'd thurty-three.
A single leyfe's but a comfortless leyfe,
It sounds unco sweet to be caw'd a weyfe ;
To get a bit body I've tried aw I can—
Waes me for the lassie that can't get a man !

When day-leet's aw geane, and I sit down to spin,
I wish some young fellow wou'd only step in ;
At the market I saunter, and dress at the fair,
But nae lad at peer Keatey a luik will e'er spare :
A single leyfe's but a weary dull leyfe,
It sounds unco sweet to be caw'd a weyfe ;
In vain a peer lassie may try ilka plan,
Caw her rich, and I'll venture she'll suin get a man.

There's auld Robby Miller, wi' his siller pow,
Bent double, and canna creep up the hill now ;
Tho' staene-deef and tuithless, and bleer-e'e'd and aw,
He hes gear, and I's thinkin to gi'e him a caw :

A single leyfe's a heart-breakin leyfe,
It sounds unco sweet to be caw'd a weyfe;
I'll keame his lank locks, and dui what I can—
There's monie a young lassie wad tek an auld man.

He lives aw his leane; but he's surely to bleame,
When a wanter leyke me may be had sae near heame;
Wer we weddet to-morrow, he'd nit be lang here,
Then I'd buy a man to my mind wid his gear:
A single leyfe's a sorrowfu' leyfe,
It sounds unco sweet to be caw'd a weyfe;
I'll off to auld Robby,—aye, that's the best plan,
And coax him, and wed him, the canny auld man!



BALLAD LXXI.

NANNY PEAL.

EYES there are that never weep,
Hearts there are that never feel;
God keep them that can dui baith,
And sec was yence sweet NANNY PEAL.

Tom Feddon was a sailor lad,
A better never sail'd saut sea;
The dang'rous rocks reet weel he knew,
The captain's favorite was he.

When out, and cronies drank or sang,
Or danc'd the jig, or leetsome reel,
Peer Tom wad sit him on the yard,
And fondly think o' NANNY PEAL-

For, Oh she was a hearty lass,
A sweeter feace nin e'er did see ;
And Luive lurk'd in her twe breet een,
And Innocence itsel was she.

Oft, i' the kurk, the neybor lads
At her a bashfu' luik wad steal ;
Oft, at the markets, stare and point,
And whisper, " See ! that's NANNY PEAL."

But Tom was aw her heart's deleyte ;
And, efter voyages twee or three,
(In which he wad feyne presents bring)
Baith fondly whop'd they'd married be.

And now this teyde they quit the pwort ;
Tom wid a kiss his faith did seal ;
They cry'd, they seegh'd, whop'd suin to meet ;
'Twas hard to part wi' NANNY PEAL !

The sea was cawm, the sky was clear,
The ship she watch'd while eye cud see ;
" The voyage is short !" she tremblin said,
" God sen him seafe and suin to me !"

Afwore her peer auld mudder's duir,
She sung, and thought, and turn'd her wheel;
But when that neet the storm com on,
Chang'd was the heart of NANNY PEAL.

And sad was she the next lang day;
The third day warse—still warse grew she;
Alas! the fourth day brought the news,
Baith ship and men wer lost at sea!

She heard, she fainted on the fluir;
Much did her peer auld mudder feel;
The neyborns roun, baith auld and young,
Dropt monie a tear for NANNY PEAL.

Sin that she wanders aw day lang,
And gazes weyldly on the sea;
She's spent, peer thing, to skin and beane,
And ragged, wretched now is she.

Oft reydin on the wheyte-topp'd waves,
She sees her Tom towerts her steal;
And then she laughs, and caws aloud,
“O come, O come to NANNY PEAL!”

God keep thee, helpless, luckless lass!
On earth thou munnet happy be;
But leyfe is wearin fast away—
Thou suin in Heav'n peer Tom wilt see.



BALLAD LXXII.

Andrew's youngest Dowter.TUNE *by the Author.*

WHERE *Irthin** rows to *Eden's* streams,
Thro' meadows sweetly stealin,
Owrhung by crags, hawf hid by furs,
There stands a cwozey dwellin ;
And there's a lass wi' witchin feace,
Her luik gi'es pain or pleasure,
A rwose-bud hid frae pryin een,
The lads' deleyte and treasure ;
For when I saw her aw her leane,
I mair than mortal thought her,
And stuid amaz'd, and silent gaz'd
On Andrew's youngest dowter.

Her luik a captive meade my heart,
How matchless seem'd ilk feature !
The Sun, in aw his yearly course,
Sheynes on nae fairer creature ;



* A river in the neighbourhood of Brampton.

I watch'd her thro' the daisied howmes.
And pray'd for her returnin';
Then track'd her foot-marks thro' the wood,
My smitten heart aw burnin':—
Luive led me on; but when, at last,
In fancy meyne I thought her,
I saw her awn dear happy lad
Meet Andrew's youngest dowter.

Sing sweet, ye wild birds i' the glens,
Where'er young LIZZY wanders;
Ye streams of *Irthin*, please her ears
Aw day wi' soft meanders;
And thou, the lad ay neist her heart,
Caress this bonny blóssom;
Oh, never may the thworn o' care
Gi'e pain to sec a bosom!
Had I been king o' this weyde warl,
And kingdoms cud ha'e bought her,
I'd freely parted wi' them aw,
For Andrew's youngest dowter!



BALLAD LXXIII.

SOLDIER YEDDY.



TUNE,—“ *The widow can bake.*”



PEER Yeddy was brought up a fadderless bairn,
His jacket blue duffe, his stockings coarse gairn;
His mudder, sad greaceless! liv'd near Talkin Tarn,
But ne'er did a turn for her Yeddy.

Weel shep'd, and fair feac'd, wid a bonny blue e'e,
Honest-hearted, ay merry, still teydey was he;
But nae larnin had gotten, nor kent A B C;
There's owre monny like silly Yeddy.

Suin tir'd o' the cwoal-pit, and drivin a car,
Won by fedders, cockades, and the fuil'ries o' war,
He wad see feyne fwok, and grand pleaces afar,
The bad warl was ay new to lal Yeddy.

How temptin the liquor, and bonny bank nwote!
How temptin the ponder, sash, gun, and red cwoat!
Then the Frenchmen, die bin them! we'll kill the
whole tywote!

These, these were his thoughts, honest Yeddy.

Awhile wi' his cronies he'll smuik, laugh and sing,
Tell of wonders, and brag of his country and king,
And swagger, and larn of new oaths a sad string—
These little avail simple Yeddy.

For suin he may sing to another-guess tune,
His billet a bad yen, his kelter aw duin;
And faint at his post, by the pale winter muin,
Nae comfort awaits luckless Yeddy.

When Time steals his colour, and turns his pow
grey,
May he tell merry stories, nor yence rue the day,
When he wander'd, peer lad ! frae the fell seyde away,
This, this is my wish for young Yeddy.

Of lads sec as him may we ne'er be in want,
And a brave soldier's pocket of brass ne'er be scant !
Nit the brags o' proud Frenchmen auld England can
daunt,

While we've plenty like young soldier Yeddy.



BALLAD LXXIV.

THE DAWTIE.



TUNE,—“ *I'm o'er young to marry yet.*”



JENNY.

“ THO' weel I like ye, Jwohnnny lad,
I cannot, munnet marry yet !
My peer auld mudder's unco bad,
Sae we a wheyle mun tarry yet ;
For ease or comfort she has neane ;
Leyfe's just a lang, lang neet o' pain :
I munnet leave her aw her leane,
And wunnet, wunnet marry yet !”

JWOHNNY.

“ O Jenny ! dunnet brek this heart,
And say, we munnet marry yet ;
Thou cannot act a jillet's part—
Why sud we tarry, tarry yet ?
Think, lass, of aw the pains I feel ;
I've leyk'd thee lang, nin kens how weel !
For thee, I'd feace the varra deil—
Oh say not, we maun tarry yet !”

JENNY.

“ A weddet leyfe’s oft dearly bought :

I cannot, munnet marry yet!

Ye ha’e but little—I ha’e nought,

Sae, we a wheyle mun tarry yet. .

My heart’s yer awn, ye needna fear,

But let us wait anudder year,

And luive, and toil, and screape up gear;

We munnet, munnet marry yet!

’Twas but yestreen, my mudder said,

“ O, dawtie! dunnet marry yet!

I’ll suin lig i’ my last cauld bed;

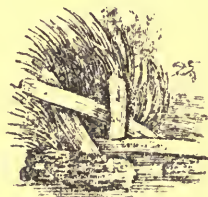
Tou’s aw my comfort—tarry yet!”

Whene’er I steal out o’ her seet,

She seeghs, and sobs, and nought gangs reet—

Whisht!—That’s her feeble voice.—Guid neet!

We munnet, munnet marry yet!”



BALLAD LXXV.

THE CODBECK WEDDIN.

TUNE,—“ *Andrew Carr.*”

True is my song, tho' lowly be the strain.

~~~~~

THEY sing of a weddin at Worton,  
Where aw was fecht, fratchin, and fun ;  
Feegh ! sec a yen we've hed at CODBECK,  
As niver was under the sun :

The breydegruim was weaver *Joe Bewley*,  
He com frae about *Lowthet Green* \* ;  
The breyde, *Jicohinnie Dalton*' lish dowter,  
And BETTY was weel to be seen.

Sec patchin, and weshin, and bleachin,  
And starchin, and darnin auld duds ;  
Some lasses thought lang to the weddin ;  
Unax'd, others sat i' the suds :

There were tweescore and seebem invited,  
God speed tem, 'gean Cursenmass-day ;  
“ *Dobson*' lads, tui, what they mun come hidder !  
I think they were better away !

---

\* Villages and odd houses in this neighbourhood.

Furst thing, *oggle Willy*, the fiddler,  
 Caw'd in, w' auld *Jonathan Strang*;  
 Neist stiff and stout, lang, leame and lazy,  
 Frae aw parts com in wi' a bang:

Frae *Brocklebank\**, *Fuilduirs\**, and *Newlands\**,  
 Frae *Hesket\**, *Burk-heads\** and the *Height\**,  
 Frae *Warnell\**, *Starnmire\**, *Nether Welton\**,  
 And awt' way from *Eytonfield-street\**.

Furst, auld *Jwohnnny Dawton* we'll nwotish,  
 And *Mary*, his canny douse deame;  
 Son *Wully*, and *Mally*, his sister;  
*Goffet'* weyfe, *Muckle Nanny* by neame;

*Wully Sinclair*, *Smith Leytle*, *Jwohn Aitchin*,  
*Tom Ridley*, *Joe Sim*, *Peter Weir*,  
*Gworge Goffet*, *Jwohn Bell*, *Miller Dyer*,  
*Joe Head*, and *Ned Bulman* were there.

We'd *hay-cruiks*, and *hen-tails*, and *hamiels*,  
 And *nattlers* that fuddle for nought;  
 Wi' *sceape-greaces*, *skeybels*, and *scruffins*,  
 And *maffs* better fed far than taught;  
 We'd lads that wad eat for a weager,  
 Or feght, ay, till bluid to the knees;  
*Fell-seyders*, and *Sowerby riff-raff*,  
 That deil a bum-bealie dare seize.

---

\* Villages and odd houses in the neighbourhood.

The breyde hung her head, and luik'd sheepish,  
The breydegruim as wheyte as a clout;  
The bairns aw gley'm'd thro' the kurk windows,  
The parson was varra devout:

The ring was lost out of her pocket,  
The breyde meade a bonny te-dee;  
Cries *Goffet*' wife, "Mine's meade o' pinchback,  
" And, la ye! it fits till a tee!"

Now buckl'd, wi' fiddlers afwore them,  
They gev *Michael Crosby* a caw;  
Up spak *canny Bewley* the breydgruim,  
" Get slocken'd, lads! fadder pays aw."

We drank till aw seem'd blue about us,  
We're aye murry deevils, tho' peer;  
*Michael*' weyfe says, 'Widout onie leein,  
' A duck mud ha'e swam on the flier.'

Now, aw 'bacco'd owre, and hawf-drucken,  
The men fwok wad needs kiss the breyde;  
*Joe Head*, that's aye reckon'd best spokesman,  
Whop'd "guid wad the couple beteyde:"

Says *Michael*, "I's reet glad to see you,  
" Suppwosin I gat ne'er a plack."  
Cries t' weyfe, "That'll nowther pay brewer,  
" Nor get bits o' sarks to yen's back."

The breyde wad dance ‘*Coddle me, Cuddy*;  
 A threesome then caper’d Scotch Reels;  
*Peter Weir* cleek’d up auld *Mary Dalton*,  
 Leyke a cock round a hen neist he steals;

*Jwohn Bell* yelp’d out ‘*Sowerby Lasses*;  
 Young *Jwosep*, a lang Country Dance,  
 He’d got his new pumps *Smithson* meade him,  
 And fain wad shew how he cud prance.

To march round the town, and keep swober,  
 The women fyok thought was but reet;  
 “Be wise, *dui*, for yence!” says *Jwohn Dyer*;  
 The breydegruim mud reyde shouder heet:

The youngermak lurried ahint them,  
 Till efter them *Bell* meade a brek;  
*Tom Ridley* was aw baiz’d wi’ drinkin,  
 And plung’d off the steps i’ the beck.

To *Hudless’s* now off they sizell’d,  
 And there gat far mair than enenugh;  
*Miller Hodgson* suin brunt the punch ladle,  
 And full’d ev’ry glass wid his leuf;

He thought he was teakin his mouter,  
 And deil a bit conscience has he;  
 They preym’d him wi’ stiff punch and jollup,  
 Till *Sally Scott* thought he wad dee.

*Joe Sim* r<sup>o</sup>ar'd out, " *Bin, we're dūn wonders!*

" *Our Mally's* tūrn'd hōwe i' the weame!"

Wi' three strings atween them, the fiddlers

Strack up, and they reel'd towerts heame;

*Meyner Leytle* wad nōw hoist a standert;

Peer man! he cud nit daddle far,

But stuck in a pant buin the middle;

And yen tuik him heame in a car.

For dinner, we'd stew'd geuse, and haggish,

Cow'd-leady, and het bacon pye,

Boil'd fluiks, tatey-hash, beastin puddin;

Saut salmon, and cabbish; forby

Pork, pancakes, black puddins, sheep trotters,

And custert, and mustert, and veal,

Grey-pez keale, and lang apple dumplins:—

I wish ev'ry yen far'd as weel!

The breyde, geavin aw roun about her,

Cries, " *Wuns! we forgat butter sops!*"

The breydegruim fan nae time for talkin,

But wi' stannin pye greas'd his chops.

We'd loppar'd milk, skim'd milk, and kurn'd milk,

Well watter, smaw beer, aw at yence;

" *Shaff! bring yell in piggens!*" rwoars *Dalton*,

" Deil tek them e'er cares for expence!"

Now aw cut and cleek'd frae their neybors,  
'Twas even down thump, pull and haul;  
*Joe Head* gat a geuse aw together,  
And off he crap into the faul:

*Muckle Nanny* cried, "*Shem o' sec weastry!*"  
The ladle she brak owre *ILL Bell*;  
*Tom Dalton* sat thrang in a corner,  
And eat nar the weight of his sel.

A hillibuloo was now started,  
'Twas, "*Rannigal!* whee cares for tee?"  
"Stop, *Tommy!* Whe's wife was i' th' carrass?"  
"Tou'd ne'er been a man, but for me!"  
"Od dang thee!"—"To jail I cud send thee,  
"Peer *scraffles!*"—"Thy lan grows nae gurse."  
"Ne'er ak! it's my awn, and it's paid for—  
"But whea was't stuil auld *Tim Jwohn's* purse?"

*Ned Bulman* wad feght wi' *Gworge Goffet*,  
Peer *Gwordly* he nobbet stript thin,  
And luik'd leyke a cock out o' fedder,  
But suin gat a weel-bleaken'd skin;

*Neist, Sanderson* fratch'd wid a hay-stack,  
And *Dearison* fught wi' the whins;  
*Smith Leytle* fell out wi' the cobbles,  
And peel'd aw the bark off his shins.



The hay-bay was now somewhat seyded,  
And young fwok the music men miss'd,  
They'd drucken leyke fiddlers in common,  
And fawn owre ayont an aul kist;

Some mair fwok that neet were a-missin,  
Than *Wully*, and *Jonathan Strang*—  
But Decency whispers, "What matter!  
"Tou munnet put *them* in the sang!"

Auld *Dalton* thought he was at *Carel*,  
Says he, "JACOB! *see what's to pay!*  
"Come, wosler! heaste—get out the horses,  
"We'll e'en teake the rwoad, and away!"

He cowp'd off his stuil, leyke a san bag,  
*Tom Ridley* beel'd out, "Deil may care!"  
For a quart o' het yell, and a stick in't,  
*Dick Simson* 'll teil ye far mair.

Come, bumper the Cumberlan lasses,  
Their marrows can seldom be seen;  
And he that won't fecht to defend them,  
I wish he may ne'er want black een!

May our *murry-neets*, *clay-daubins*, *races*,  
And *weddins*, aye finish wi' glee;  
And when ought's amang us, worth nwotish,  
Lang may I be present to see!





# Cumberland Ballads

BY VARIOUS AUTHORS,

Some of which have been

NEVER BEFORE PUBLISHED.



## BALLAD LXXVI.

JOE AND NED.



BY MISS BLAMIRE.



TUNE,—“ *Ranting, roaring Willy.*”



JOE.

“ WEY, Ned, man ! thou luiks sae down-hearted,  
Yen wad swear aw thy kindred wer dead :  
For a sixpence thy Jen and thee’s parted,  
What then, man, ne’er bodder thy head !  
There’s lasses enew, I’ll upod te,  
And thou may be suin as weel match’d ;  
There’s ay as guid fish i’ the river,  
As onie that ever wer catch’d.”

NED.

“ O, Joe! tou kens nought o’ the matter,  
Sae let’s ha’e nae mair o’ thy jeer;  
Auld England’s gown’s worn till a tatter,  
And they’ll nit new don her, I fear:  
True liberty never can flourish,  
’Till man in his reets is a king,  
’Till we tak a tythe-pig frae the bishop,  
As he’s duin frae us, is the thing.”

JOE.

“ What, Ned! and is that aw that ails thee?  
Mess, lad, tou deserves maist to hang—  
What, tek a bit lan frae its oaner!  
Is this, then, thy feyne *Reets o’ Man*?  
Tou ploughs, and tou sows, and tou reaps, man,  
Tou gangs, and tou comes where tou will;  
Nowther king, lword, or bishop dare touch thee,  
Sae lang as tou dis fwok nae ill.”

NED.

“ How can te say sae, Joe—tou kens now,  
If hares wer as plenty as hops,  
I durstn’t fell yen for my life, man,  
Nor tekt out of auld Cwoley’s chops;  
While girt fwok they ride down my dikes aw,  
And spang o’er my fields o’ new wheat,  
Nought but ill words I get for the damage—  
Can onie yen tell me that’s reet?”

JOE.

“ Aye, there I mun oan the shoe pinches,  
Just there to fin faut is nae shame ;  
Ne’er ak ! there’s nae hard laws in England,  
Except that bit thing about Game :

And wer we aw equal at mwornin,  
We cudn’t remain sae till neet ;  
Some arms are far stranger than others,  
And some heads will tek in mair leet.

Tou cud’nt mend laws, if tou wad, man,  
It’s for other-guess noddles than thine ;  
Lord help thee ! sud beggars yence rule us,  
They’d tek off beath thy cwoat and mine :

What is’t then, but law that stands by us,  
While we stand by country and king ?  
For as to bein parfet and parfet.  
I tell thee, there is nae sec thing.”



## BALLAD LXXVII.


## FORBES'S GREEN.

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BY A LADY.

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TUNE,—“*The lads o' Dunse.*”



AND auld Robin Forbes hes gien tem a dance !  
 I pat on my speckets, to see them aw prance ;  
 I thought o' the days when I was but fifteen,  
 And skipp'd wi' the best upon Forbes's Green :  
 Of aw things that is, I think thought is meast queer,  
 It brings that that's by-past, and sets it down here ;  
 I see Willy as plain as I dui this bit leace,  
 When he tuik his cwoat lappet, and deeghted his  
       feace.

The lasses aw wonder'd what Willy cud see,  
 In yen that was dark and hard-featur'd leyke me ;  
 And they wonder'd ay mair, when they talk'd o' my  
       wit,  
 And slily telt Willy, that cudn't be it :  
 But Willy he langh'd, and he meade me his weyfe,  
 And whea was mair happy thro' aw his lang leyfe ?  
 It's e'en my great comfort, now Willy is geane,  
 That he offen said, Nea pplace was leyke his awn  
       heame.

I mind when I carried my wark to yon steyle,  
Where Willy was deykin, 'the teyme to beguile,  
He wad fling me a daisy to put i' my breast,  
And I hammer'd my noddle to mek out a jest:  
But merry or grave, Willy often wad tell,  
There was nin o' the leave that was leyke my awn sel;  
And he spak what he thought, for I'd hardly a plack,  
When we married, and nobbet ae gown to my back.

When the clock had struëk eight, I expected him  
heame,  
And wheyles went to meet him, as far as Dumleane;  
Of aw hours it telt, *eight* was dearest to me,  
But now when it streykes, there's a tear i' my e'e.  
O, Willy! dear Willy! it never can be,  
That age, time, or death, can divide thee and me;  
For that spot on the earth, that's aye dearest to me,  
Is the turf that has cover'd my Willy frae me.



## BALLAD LXXVIII.

*Love in Cumberland.*

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BY MR. MARK LONSDALE.

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TUNE,—“ *Cuddle me, Cuddy.*”



WA,' Jwohn, what'n mannishment's 'tis,  
'At tou's gawn to dee for a hizzy?  
Aw hard o' this torrable fiss,  
An' aw's cum't to advise tha',—'at is ee.

Mun, thou'll nobbet lwose tee gud neame,  
Wi' gowlin and whingin sae mickle;  
Cockswunters! min beyde about heame,  
An' let her e'en ga' to auld Nickle.

Thy plew-geer's aw liggin how-strow,  
An' somebody's stown thee thy counter;  
Oh faiks, thou's duin little 'at dow,  
To fash theesel iver about her.

Your Seymey 'as broken car stang,  
An' mendit it wid a clog-coaker;  
Pump-tree's geane aw wheyt wrang,  
An' they've sent for aul Tom Stawker.



Young filly's dung owre the lang stee,  
 An' leam'd peer Andrew th' theeker;  
 Thee mudder wad suffer't for tee,  
 An aw hadn't happ'n't to cleek her.

Thou's spoilt for aw manner o' wark;  
 Thou nobbet sits peghan an' pleenan;  
 Odswucke. man! doff that durty sark,  
 An' pretha, gi'e way, git a clean an!

An' then gow to Caryl wi' me;  
 Let her gang to Knock-cross wid her scwarnin;  
 Sec clauken at market we'll see,  
 A'll up'od ta' forgit her or mwornin!



## BALLAD LXXIX.

*Sung at the Cumberland Anniversary Meeting, London,  
 April 14th, 1785.*



BY EWAN CLARKE.



I KEST off my clogs, hung th' kelt cwoat on a pin,  
 And trudg'd up to Lunnon thro' thick and thro' thin,  
 And hearing the fiddlers, guid fwoks I've meade free  
 To thrust mysel in, your divarshon to see.

Derry Down, &c.

Odswinge! this is bráve! canny Cummerland, Oh!  
 In aw my bworn days sec a seeght I nè'er saw;  
 Sec honest-like feaces, sec freedom! and then  
 Sae feyne!—to be seer, ye're aw parliment-men.

Derry Down, &c.

Since I's here, if you'll lend your lugs to my sang,  
 I'll tell you how aw things in Cummerland gang;  
 How we *live*—I mean *starve*—for, God bliss the king!  
 His ministers, darr them! are nit quite the thing.

Derry Down, &c.

Thur taxes! thur taxès! Lord help ùs: Àmen!  
 Out of every twel-pence, I doubt they'll tek ten:  
 We're tax'd when we're bworn, and we're tax'd when  
 we dee—

Now, countrymèn, these are hard laws, d'ye see!

Derry Down, &c.

My honest plain neighbor, *Jwahn Stoddart*, declares,  
 That the tax upon horses, and tax upon mares,  
 Is cutting and cruel—nay, some of us vow,  
 Instead of a horse, we'll e'en saddle a cow.

Derry Down, &c.

The tax upon maut—ARGO, tax upon drink,  
 Wad mek yen red mad only on it to think!  
 Then the measure's sae smaw!—between me and you,  
 We may drink till we're brussen, before we're hawf  
 fou.

Derry Down, &c.

And windows—Ey, there I can feelingly speak;  
 I paid three wheyte shillins this varra last week,  
 For paper-patch'd leets, that my scholars ineeght see  
 To spelder their words, and ply A B C.

Derry Down, &c.

But, dead or alive, I my taxes will pay,  
 To enjoy every year the delights o' this day;  
 Success to you aw! and, if it be fair,  
 I'll meet ye neist year, and for twenty years mair!

Derry Down, &c.

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## BALLAD LXXX.

### BARLEY BROTH.

---

BY A LADY.

---

TUNE,—“*Crowdy.*”

---

IF tempers were put up to scale,  
 Our Jwohn's wad bear a duccd preyce;  
 He vow'd, 'twas barley i' the broth—  
*Upon my word, says I, it's reyce.*

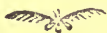
“ I mek nea faut,” our Jwohunny says,  
“ The broth is gud, and varra neyce :  
“ I only sav, It’s barley broth.”  
*Tou says what’s wrang, says I—it’s reyce !*

“ Did iver mortal hear the leyke !  
“ As if I haadn’t sense to tell !  
“ Tou may think reyce the better thing,  
“ But barley broth does just as well.”  
  
“ And sae it mud, if it was there ;  
“ The deil a grain is i’ the pot ;  
“ But tou mun ayways threep yen down !  
“ I’ve drawn the deevil of a lot !”

“ And what’s the lot that I have drawn ?  
“ Pervarsion is a woman’s neame !  
“ Sae fares-te-weel ! I’ll sarve my king,  
“ And niver, niver mair come heame.”

Now Jenny frets frae mworn to neet ;  
The Sunday cap’s nae langer neyce ;  
She ay puts barley i’ the broth,  
And hates the varra neame o’ reyce.

Thus treyfles vex, and treyfles please,  
And treyfles mek the sum o’ leyfe ;  
And treyfles mek a bonny lass  
A wretched or a happy weyfe !



## BALLAD LXXXI.


## THE SEA-FIGHT.

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BY A LADY.

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TUNE,—*"Mrs. Casey."*



O LASS! I's fit to brust wi' news!  
There's letters frae the fleet;  
We've bang'd the French. aye, out and out,  
And duin the thing complete:  
There was sec show'rs o' shell grenades,  
Bunch'd out wi' shot, like grapes;  
And bullets, big as beath our heads,  
Chain'd twee and twee wi' reapes.

Our Jwohn was perk'd abuin their heads,  
To keep a sharp luik ont;  
And tell them, gin he kent his sel,  
What they were aw about:  
They skimm'd the skin of Jwohunny's cheek,  
He niver heeded tat,  
But rwoar'd, tho' he was main-mast heet,  
We'll pay them weel for that!

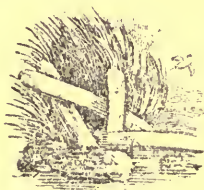
It was a seeght! our Jwohunny says,  
A seeght nit often seen;  
And aw their colours flifty-flaff—  
Some reed, some blue, some green:

The French rang'd up in aw their preyde,  
Afware our thunder'brast;  
But lang afware it ceas'd to rwoar,  
It hardly left a mast.

But we ha'e paid a fearfu' preyce;  
For NELSON is no more!  
That soul o' fire has breath'd his last,  
Far frae his native shore!

"O waes is me!" our Jwohuny says,  
"That I sud ha'e to tell;  
"For nit a man aboard the fleet,  
"But wish'd 't had been his sel."

Our British tars hev kindly hearts,  
Tho' you wad hardly ken;  
They'll shout, when ships are gangin down,  
But try to seave the men:  
They'll risk the leyfe that's hardly won,  
To bring them to the shore;  
And sorrow dashes owre their een,  
When they can do no more.



## BALLAD LXXXII.


## THE MEETING.

---

BY A LADY.

---

TUNE,—“*Merrily danc'd the Quaker.*”



IF I ha'e been a week away,

My Jenny rins to meet me;

Wi' aw the chat o' this bit plean

My Jenny's fain to treat me:—

“ There's Rob has married Mary Gray,

“ And Bella's past aw tellin!

“ And Greace has fun the little cat,

“ And Dick can say his spellin.

“ Peer Dick has broken deddy's dish,

“ And durstn't come to meet ye;

“ But he has sent ye this bit cake,

“ He thought that he mud treat ye:—

“ Our butter tells to fourteen pun;

“ Our cheese hes fill'd the rimmer;

“ And uncle Megs hes sent us beef

“ Will sarra us aw at dinner.

“ And uncle Megs hes heard frae Gworge ;  
“ He’s ganè to —— I’ve forgittin,  
“ But it’s some hard-word pleast owre seas,  
“ I’ll ha’e the neame on’t written ;  
“ I think they caw’d it Jemmycaw\* ,  
“ Or else it is St. Christit\* ;  
“ And if it isn’t yen o’ they,  
“ I’ faikins, I ha’e mist it !

“ And peer auld Wully’s telt his teale ;  
“ He’ll niver tell anudder !  
“ And they’ve been up wi’ uncle Megs,  
“ To wreyte it till his brudder ;  
“ For he was varry nwotishin  
“ Of ought that Wully wanted ;  
“ And monie time wad wreyte, and tell,  
“ They wad’nt see him scanted.

“ They brought him varra canny up ;  
“ He had the best o’ linnen,  
“ And kept it just to mense his deeth,  
“ ’Twas peer auld Marget’s spinnin.  
“ The house, and aw the bits o’ things,  
“ Will just be for the brudder—  
“ I only wish he’d meade tem owre  
“ To Mary and her mudder !”

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* Jamaica, and St. Christopher’s.

BALLAD LXXXIII.

The Cumberland Scold.

BY A LADY.

TUNE,—“*Jack o’ Latten.*”



OUR Dick’s sae cross—but what o’ that,

I’ll tell ye aw the matter ;

Pou up yer heads—ay, deil may care,

Say women-fwok mun chatter ;

And sae they may ; they’ve much to say,

But little are they meynded ;

OBEY is sec a fearfu’ word,

And that the married feynd it.

Onr Dick com in, and said it rain’d,

Says I, It meks nae matter !—

“ Ay, but it dis, tou silly faul !

“ But women-fwok mun clatter ;

“ Theyre here, and there, and ev’ry-where,

“ And meakin sec a rumble,

“ Wi’ te-te-te, and te-te-te,

“ And grumble, grumble, grumble !”

Says I to Dick, to Dick says I,

“ There’s nought i’ life can match thee !

“ Thy temper’s ayways bursting out,

“ And nought I say can patch thee.

“ I’s ass, and fuil, and silly snuil,

“ I’s naething but a noodle ;

“ I’s ayways wrang, and niver reet,

“ And doodle, doodle, doodle !”

“ Deil bin !” says Dick, “ if what I say

“ Is nit as true as beyble ;

“ And gin I put te into prent,

“ The fw●k wad caw’t a reyble :

“ For deil a clout can tou set on,

“ In onie form or fashion ;

“ Or dui, or say a single thing

“ To keep yen out o’ passion.”

“ Tou is a bonny guest, indeed !

“ Tou is a toppin fellow !

“ I think thy breast is meade o’ brass,

“ Tou dis sae rwoar and bellow ;

“ I nobbet wish that I were deaf,

“ There’s ayways sec a dingin ;

“ I never ken what I’s about,

“ There’s sec a ring, ring, ringin !”

- “ Whee ever kens what tou’s about ?
“ Tou’s ayways in a ponder ;
“ Ay geavin wi’ thy open mouth,
“ And wonder, wonder, wonder !
“ But of aw the wonders i’ the wail,
“ I wonder we e’er married ;
“ It wad ha’e been a bonny thing,
“ Had that breeght thought miscarried !”
“ But, hark ye, Dick ! I’ll tell ye what—
“ ’Twas I that meade the blunder ;
“ That I tuik up wi’ leyke o’ thee,
“ Was far the greatest wonder !
“ For tou was nowther guid nor rich,
“ And temper’t leyke auld Scratchem !
“ The deil a day gangs owre my head,
“ But, fratchum, fratchum, fratchum !”



BALLAD LXXXIV.

Gobblestone Parish.

 BY A LADY.

 TUNE,—“ *Come under my plaidie.*”

 ~~~~~

WE'VE hed sec a durdum at Gobbleston parish,  
 For twonty lang years, there's nit been sec a fair;  
 We'd slack reape, and teght reape, and dogs that  
       wer dancin,

Wi' leytle roun hats on, to gar the fwok stare:  
 A leytle black messet danc'd sae leyke auld Jenny,  
 I thought it wad niver run out o' my head;  
 It was last thing at neet, and the furst i' the mworn-  
       ing,

And I rwoar'd leyke a feuil as I laid i' my bed.

And we had stage playin, and actors frae Lunnon,  
 At hed sec a canny and bonny leyke say;  
 I forgat the black messet, and gowl'd leyke a ninny,  
 Tho' I said to mysel, “ Wey, it's nobbet a play !”  
 But aw that was naething, for monie wer blinded,  
 And Jemmy, that bags aw the town for a feght,  
 He twistet and twirit—it was just for an off-put,  
 But aw wadn't dui, for he gowl'd bawf the neet.

And Betty Mac Nippen, and five of her dowers,  
As feyne as Mav garlands, were clwose at my back ;  
I was flayt they wad hinder fwok hear aw the speech-  
ing,

But they gowl'd see a gud'n, that nin o' them  
spak :

And Betty hes heard frae her sister in Lunnon,  
And she's sent the bairns sec a mwort o' feyne  
things,  
That if Betty Mac Nippen wad mek tem stage  
players,  
She cud fit tem out, ay leyke queens or leyke  
kings.

Then down-the-brow Wully tuik up his cwoat lappet,  
And held til his een, for he's given to jeer ;  
But I had it frae yen that was even fornenst him,  
'Twas weel for his sel, his cwoat lappet was near.  
Oh—*Venus perserv'd* was the neame o' the actin,  
And *Jaffer* was him hed the beautiful weyfe ;  
Tho' I gowl'd aw the teyme, it's a wonder to tell on't,  
I niver was hawf sae weel pleas'd i' my leyfe !



## BALLAD LXXXV.

*The Peet-cudger's Lament.*

TUNE,—“*Hey tatty, tatty.*”

Or, “*BURNS'S Fareweel to JEAN.*”



MY bonny black meer's deed !  
The thought's e'en leyke to turn my head !  
She led the peets, and gat me bread ;  
But what wull I dui now ?

She was bworn when Jwohn was bworn,  
Just nineteen years last Thuirsday mworn ;  
Puir beast ! had she got locks o'cworn,  
She'd been alive, I trow !

When young, just leyke a deil she ran ;  
The car-geer at Durdar she wan ;  
That day saw me a happy man,  
Now tears gush frae my e'e :

For she's geane, my weyfe's geane,  
Jwohn's a swodger—I ha'e neane !  
Brokken ! dey'd ! left my leane,  
I've nin to comfort me !

When wheyles I mounted on my yaud,  
I niver reade leyke yen stark mad;  
We toddled on, and beath were glad,  
    To see our sonsie deame:

The weyfe, the neybors, weel she knew,  
And aw the deyke backs where gurse grew;  
Then when she'd pang'd her belly fou,  
    How tow'rtly she cam heame!

Nae pamper'd beasts e'er heeded we;  
Nae win or weet e'er dreeded we;  
I niver cried woah, hop, or jee,  
    She kent—aye, iv'ry turn!

And wheyles I gat her teates o' hay,  
And gev her watter tweyce a-day.  
She's deed! She's deed, I'm wae to say;  
    Then how can I but mourn?

Frae Tindle-Fell twelve pecks she'd bring—  
She was a yaud, fit for a king!  
I niver strack her, silly thing!  
    'Twas hard we twea sud part!

I's auld, and feal'd, and 'ragg'd, and peer,  
And cannot raise anither meer;  
But cannot leeve anither year!  
    The loss will break my heart!

*Carlisle,  
February 27, 1808.*

ROBERT ANDERSON.





# NOTES.



## NOTE I.

*Let's go to Rosley fair.]* These fairs are holden on an extensive tract of common, called Rosley-hill. They commence on Whit-Monday, and continue once a fortnight till Michaelmas. It is impossible to convey an adequate idea of them by description. — One part of the hill is covered with horses and black cattle, with dealers, drovers, and jockies; who, if the day be windy and sultry, are involved in a hurricane of dust, almost as violent in its duration as that which sweeps the arid deserts of Africa: another part is overspread with the booths of mercers, milliners, hardwaremen, and bread-bakers. Here you see the mountebank, hawker, and auctioneer, addressing the gaping crowd from a wooden platform; and there you hear the discordant strains of the ballad-singer, the music of the bagpipe and the violin, of the fife, and “the spirit-stirring drum.”

Tents of innkeepers, crowded with bottles and barrels, are interspersed in every part of the festal ground, but particularly in the vicinity of the horse-fair, where the heat and dust of the day occasion a more than usual thirst; and, much to the honour of these *knaves of the cork and spigot*, the malt and spirituous liquors which they retail to their thirsty

customers, are so judiciously diluted with water, that they operate with all the innocence of simple diuretics; so that it is not uncommon to see a company of hale farmers, after having exhausted all the casks and bottles in these *moving cellars*, returning to their own houses with all the sobriety and gravity in which they left them in the morning.

Of these fairs, which are prolonged till they dwindle into insignificance, the second is particularly noted for a fine assemblage of Cumbrian lasses, who, in different parties, parade the hill, in all the artless simplicity of rural beauty, till some rustic admirer displays his gallantry and his love, by escorting a select number of them to some neighbouring tent, and treating them with cake and punch, and the music of the bagpipe and fiddle.—When these acknowledgments have been paid to their beauty, they return to the field to attack and to conquer; for to a girl, who has received from Nature her share of beauty, the whole day is distinguished by a succession of triumphs. The cakes, ribbons, and handkerchiefs, (the tributes of rural gallantry) are, on their return home, carefully deposited, as so many illustrious trophies of their victories.

At these fairs are sold a species of cheese called *Whyllymer*, or, as some whimsically style it, *Rosley Cheshire*. It is as remarkable for its poverty as that of Stilton is for its richness; and its surface is so hard, that it frequently bids defiance to the keenest edge

of a *Cumbrian gully*, and its interior substance so very tough, that it affords rather occupation to the teeth of a rustic than nourishment to his body, making his hour of repast (to use the expression of an ingenious friend) the severest part of his day's labour.

About noon the boundaries of the fair are perambulated, or, as it is provincially called, "*ridden*."—which exhibits a spectacle "sufficient" (to use the words of Dr. Johnson) "to awaken the most torpid risibility." A number of lairds, farmers, tradesmen and mechanics, mount their horses, and, in a slow and solemn pace, wind round the circuit of the hill, accompanied by a train of venerable fiddlers, many of whom have been the tormentors of cat-gut for almost half a century.—These minstrels, who, during the rest of the year, travel on foot from village to village, giving music in return for oats or barley, are on these occasions, by the favour of their friends, mounted on horseback, and provided with better clothes.

#### NOTE II.

*I went my ways down to Carel fair.*] Carlisle fair, or, as it is called by the country people, Carel fair, is holden on the 26th of August, and is so noted for the number and variety of its amusements and choice of commodities, that there is hardly a villager within the circuit of ten miles who does not attend it, except perhaps two or three unhappy swains and nymphs, whom the authority of a morose parent, or a churlish master or mistress, confines at home.

A Cumberland lad, when he meets his sweetheart at a fair, whether by appointment or accident, throws his arms round her waist in all the raptures of love, conducts her to a dancing room, places her beside him on a bench, and treats her liberally with cake and punch. When a vacancy happens on the floor, he leads her out to dance a jig or a reel. If her choice be a reel, another partner being necessary, he makes a bow to some other girl in the company, and at the end of the dance he salutes each of his fair partners with a cordial kiss, if its cordiality can be ascertained by the loudness of its sound; for a plain, honest rustic, impresses his kisses with so much vehemence on the roseate lips of his fair one, that they have been compared by BURNS to the crack of a waggoner's whip: and, with equal happiness, by the author of the preceding Ballads, to the sound of a gate's latch.

At the close of the day, a Cumbrian rustic would think himself deficient in common gallantry, if he omitted to escort his sweetheart to her own house,—a favour that she always repays by a more than usual portion of smiles on his next visit.

### NOTE III.

*When aw t' auld fivok were liggin asleep.]* A Cumbrian peasant pays his addresses to his sweetheart during the silence and solemnity of midnight, when every bosom is at rest, except that of love and sorrow. Anticipating her kindness, he will travel ten or

twelve miles, over hills, bogs, moors and mosses, undiscouraged by the length of the road, the darkness of the night, or the intemperature of the weather.— On reaching her habitation, he gives a gentle tap at the window of her chamber, at which signal she immediately rises, dresses herself, and proceeds with all possible silence to the door, which she gently opens, lest a creaking hinge, or a barking dog, should awaken the family.

On his entrance into the kitchen, the luxuries of a Cumbrian cottage—cream and sugared curds—are placed before him by the fair hand of his *DULCINEA*. Next the courtship commences, previously to which the fire is darkened or extinguished, lest its light should guide to the window some idle or licentious eye. In this dark and uncomfortable situation, (at least uncomfortable to all but lovers) they remain till the advance of day, depositing in each other's bosoms the secrets of love, and making vows of unalterable affection.

Though I am so far partial to my fair countrywomen, that in some instances I respect their very prejudices, I cannot conclude this note without representing to them the danger and impropriety of admitting the visits of their lovers during those hours of the night, which virtue and innocence have appropriated to repose. Nothing more encourages unbecoming familiarities, nothing more promotes dissolute manners, nothing more endangers female chast-

tity, nothing more facilitates the designs of the seducer. than these *night-courtships*.

A custom that leads to such serious consequences, however general it may be, or whatever antiquity it may claim, cannot be too soon abolished; and I am so much convinced of the good sense and purity of mind of the Cumbrian fair, that I am confident, as soon as they reflect on the guilt and misery to which it so often leads, their virtue will take alarm, and they will see the danger which arises 'rom admitting the addresses of men in improper situations and at improper times.

#### NOTE IV.

*I got aw the news far and nar.]* Amidst the laborious duties which his condition of life imposes upon him, a Cumbrian peasant finds leisure and opportunities for collecting and disseminating village-news. His intelligence is gathered in different quarters, but generally at the mill, while his batch of corn is grinding; or at the smithy, while his clogs are receiving their customary load of iron.

When he has completed his collection, he travels with all the expedition of a courier, from village to village, from house to house, gratifying every inquisitive mind, and attracting every vacant ear.

He is the "historian of his native plain," and gives an accurate relation of a wrestling or a boxing match, discriminating the respective merits of the

combatants, and pointing out the causes that led to victory or defeat. If his own actions be the subject of his conversation, he becomes more than usually eloquent, elevating his tone and diction agreeably to the precept of Salust: "*dictis exæquanda sunt facta*," great actions demand a correspondent grandeur of style. To discover the extent of his political knowledge to the public, he assembles a group of his neighbours round his evening fire, or, after the fatigues of the day are finished, goes to the ale-house,

"Where village statesmen talk with looks profound,

"And news much older than their ale go round."

GOLDSMITH.

## NOTE V.

*A boggle's been seen.* &c ] The fault of the present age is not that it believes too much, but that it believes too little. Its ILLUMINATI have ejected from their creeds not only the fables of giants, fairies, and necromancers, but the truths of revelation and the facts of sacred history. They wish to reform our politics.—our philosophy.—and our manners, and yet would take away that religion, to which we are indebted for our public and domestic happiness.

Were a missionary from this new school to visit those sequestered parts of Cumberland, where the superstitions of our ancestors are preserved in all their purity, what stubborn tenets would he have to contend with! What shades of mental darkness would

his philosophy have to penetrate! In almost every cottage he would see the Bible, and 'the histories of giants, fairies, witches, and apparitions, occupying the same shelf, and equally sharing the belief and engaging the attention of their rustic readers. The effects, indeed, of these sacred and fabulous records are different: the one shedding over the mind a pleasing serenity; the other, a sombre melancholy.

In the days of antiquity, the houses, woods, and rivers of Greece and Rome were frequented by Lares, Fanns, Dryads, and Naiads—all of them chearful in their nature, and friendly to man. The GRACES and the LOVES sported on their plains, and on their mountains the MUSES strung their harps. But the Genii that haunt the romantic vallies, the hills, woods, and rivers of Cumberland, are so mischievous and malevolent in their disposition, so terrific in their aspect, and hostile to the human race, that a person would be thought very regardless of his safety, were he to entrust himself at any late hour of the night in the neighbourhood of their haunts. Though of an aerial nature, these beings often assume, during their nocturnal rambles on our earth, a corporeal form, that the gross optic nerves of poor mortals might be able to take their size, form, and aspect. They are generally taciturn; but when they do break silence, their unearthly cries “make night hideous.”—The benighted peasant no sooner hears them than he discovers the imminence of his danger, and hastens



home with precipitated steps, his hair standing on end, "like quills upon the fretful porcupine." It sometimes happens that, in the rapidity of his flight, he is under the necessity of leaving his *clogs* in the mire, in order to save (what is certainly of greater consequence to a breathing mortal) his carcase.

### NOTE VI.

*Oh, sec a weddin I've been at !]* The day of marriage is in all countries a day of festivity; because the married state is supposed to bring an addition to our domestic happiness, perhaps greater than a cynical old bachelor will allow.

Among the plebeians of Cumberland the whole day glides away amidst music, dancing, and noisy revelry. Early in the morning, the bridegroom, attended by a select party of his friends, and mounted on horseback, proceeds to the house of the bride, where they breakfast. As soon as this repast is finished, the bride makes a silent retreat, and arranges every ringlet. After she has paid this attention to her person, she joins the nuptial party, who proceed in a regular cavalcade towards the church, accompanied by a fiddler, who plays a succession of tunes correspondent to the festivity of the occasion, till they reach holy ground. As soon as the connubial knot is tied, the company proceed to some neighbouring ale-house, where many a flowing bumper of home-brewed ale is quaffed to the health of the married

couple. Animated with earthly nectar, they gallop full speed towards the bride's habitation, where a handkerchief is presented to the person who shall first reach the goal.

When the dinner, which consists generally of beef, bacon, pies, and puddings, is placed upon the board, every individual in the party carves for himself, and loads his trencher with a mess of provisions, which many men, in these degenerate days, would consider as a sufficient burden for the back. After dinner the spirits of the company receive an additional elevation from copious potations of ale and whisky, from the music of the village-minstrel, from the song and the dance. The effects of the liquor soon discover themselves in the clamorous tongue and roseate phiz of every rustic, which resembles a rising moon in all her glory.

In the evening a general pugilistic contest (the common consequence of intemperate cups) usually commences, presenting a scene worthy of the pencil of a Hogarth.

About midnight, or as soon as peace is established among the belligerent parties, the bride retires to her bed-chamber, and, while she undresses herself, delivers a stocking to one of her female attendants, who throws it among the company, and the person on which it lights, will, it is supposed, be next married.

## NOTE VII.

*De'il bin!]* A common mode of swearing among the Cumberland clowns.—It is certainly a testimony of the refined manners, if not of the improved morals of the age, that oaths are banished from all polite circles, and are only to be found among the dregs of the commonalty.

## NOTE VIII.

*I was sebhnteen last Collop-Monday.]* The first Monday before Lent is provincially called *Collop-Monday*; and the first Tuesday, *Pancake-Tuesday*;—because on these two days collops and pancakes form the chief repast of the country people;—a custom derived from our ancestors who gave full indulgence to their appetites a day or two before the arrival of that long and meagre season—the Quadragesimal Fast.

## NOTE IX.

*Had tou seen her at kurk. &c.]* From the levity of air, which distinguishes some of my fair countrywomen during the hours of public worship, it would not be uncharitable to suppose that they attend the church from the same view as they do fairs. What can we think of a young woman whose eye is continually roving from one part of the audience to another, observing every dress, and examining every

countenance with the minuteness, if not with the penetration of a Lavator? What can we think, but that she is destitute of those soft, retiring graces, which so much adorn her sex, and give so much attraction to beauty?

### NOTE X.

*The dumb wife was tellin their fortunes.]* A person born without the faculty of speech, is thought, by the illiterate part of the Cumbrian peasantry, to possess the gift of prescience; and this supposed extraordinary endowment gives him so much confidence and veneration with that class of the community, that, if he possess not common honesty, it becomes the means of drawing pence from their pockets.

Fortune-telling (the most lucrative part of vaticination) is often professed by women, who, having no settled abode, travel from village to village, all of them really or pretendedly dumb; for the most voluble tongue among them can submit to a temporary restraint, when the credit of their profession, and consequently their livelihood, depends upon its silence.

As soon as one of these strolling sybils arrive at a village, she is immediately surrounded by a plebeian group, all of them anxious to know "the colour of their future fate;" and it is certainly something to her credit, that instead of adding cruelty to the crime of imposition, by darkening the perspective with a

train of disasters, she scatters over it roses and sunshine. The laborious rustic, who at present provides with difficulty for the wants of the day, beholds his future hours gliding amidst affluence, abundance, and pleasures: while the village-maid, blushing with health and love, is gratified by the near approach of an honourable and opulent marriage. Yet these kind prophetesses, who lighten the pressure of the present moment, by making the destinies smile upon the future, are threatened with gaols, stocks, and pillories!

## NOTE XI.

*Now, Kate, full forty years ha'e flown.*] We have here a venerable couple enjoying tranquillity in their old age, after a severe struggle with the disasters of life. But though their youth had been pressed down with many distresses, and had been embarrassed with many difficulties, they could yet look back upon it with satisfaction, because it had been innocent, and recel to mind, without pain, the daily toils they had undergone, in providing for the wants of an infant family; because they could behold that family, which they had cherished with so much affection, acting their parts with credit on the stage of life, and repaying, with filial piety, the numerous favours which parental affection had conferred upon them.

The example of this aged couple may be proposed as a model of conduct to that part of the community

whose lot is labour. Under all their necessities, difficulties and hardships, let them persevere in a faithful discharge of their duties,—and remember that VIRTUE will ultimately triumph over every species of external distress :

—————“ Ye good distress !  
 “ Ye noble few ! who here unbending stand  
 “ Beneath life’s pressure, yet bear up a while,  
 “ And your bounded view, which only saw  
 “ A little part, deem’d evil, is no more :  
 “ The storms of WINTRY TIME will quickly pass,  
 “ And one unbounded SPRING encircle all.”

THOMSON.

## NOTE XII.

THE IMPATIENT LASSIE.] The passion of love, restrained by forms and ceremonies in the higher classes of society, breaks out in all its vehemence in the breast of a simple, uneducated country peasant. In him it is an instinct of nature, unchecked by delicacy, and unrefined by sentiment. As if ashamed to acknowledge its dominion, he visits the object of his affections under the shades of night, and always on a Saturday, that the effects of the night’s vigils might be done away by the holiday of the succeeding day. His fair one waits for him with all the impatient ardour of love, chides the loitering moments ; and, should he not reach her habitation at the appointed hour, suffers all the anguish of foreboding fears :—some disastrous accident has befallen him, some cool-

ness in his passion has taken place, some rival, with more beauty or more address, has supplanted her in his affections. Apprehensions like these continue to agitate her bosom, till a tap at the window or door announces the arrival of her suitor.

## NOTE XIII.

*Oh, durst we lasses nobbet gang.*] In most countries the men pay their addresses to the women, and not the women to the men; and custom, that has such great influence over human actions, has given to this practice almost the force and sanction of a political regulation. Though many local customs originate in accident, this however has its foundation in nature and in reason; for what fair one, with all the reserve and delicacy natural to her sex, would venture to disclose the secrets of her bosom on so tender a subject as that of love? And if such be the constitutional timidity of the fair sex, let us spare their blushes, by anticipating their wishes, and meeting with equal ardour that passion which modesty and custom only allow them to discover by the silent language of the eye.

## NOTE XIV.

*Sit down, and I'll count owre my sweethearts.*] To have a great variety of sweethearts, is, in the opinion of a simple country girl, a virtual acknowledgment of the predominating force of her charms; and she sel-

dom discovers her error, till she finds herself neglected by every man whose esteem would be valuable, and whose addresses would do her honour.

Of so delicate a nature is female reputation, that the conduct of a young woman ought not only to be free from guilt, but also free from suspicion; and surely her chastity may be disputed, who, without any regard to their character, conduct, and views, indiscriminately admits of the visits of various suitors.

### NOTE XV.

*To th' pocket-whole, &c.]* In this ballad poor *Snip* bears testimony to the effects of love by his blunders; and he who laughs at his imbecility, and can behold the charms of a lovely woman without emotion, must be something *less*, or something *more*, than man:—

“ For who can boast he never felt the fires,  
 “ The trembling throbbings of the young desires,  
 “ When he beheld the breathing roses glow,  
 “ And the soft heavings of the living snow;  
 “ The waving ringlets of the auburn hair,  
 “ And all the rapt’rous graces of the fair?  
 “ Ah! what defence, if fixt on him he spy  
 “ The languid sweetness of the steadfast eye!”

LUSIAD.

The charms of the fair have indeed in all ages triumphed over the human breast. The piety of David and the wisdom of Solomon gave way when opposed to their force; and Julius Cæsar, the conqueror of



the world, forgot his fame and his victories in the arms of an Egyptian beauty. Even the mighty Hercules threw down his club with which he had achieved so many arduous enterprizes, and became a humble suitor at the feet of an imperious fair one.

#### NOTE XVI.

'*Twas last Leady Fair, &c.*] This fair is held on Lady-day at Wigton; and, like other Cumbrian fairs, passes away amidst mirth, music, and dancing.

#### NOTE XVII.

*Wi' Laird Hodgon, &c.*] In Cumberland the appellation of *laird* is applied to the proprietors of landed property, and to their eldest sons. Their oldest daughters are styled *ladies*.

#### NOTE XVIII.

*For that was the place my granfadder was'bworn in.*] A predilection for the place of our nativity is a patriotic prejudice, that does honour to our feelings, and shews a heart formed for receiving the best impressions. It displays itself in early life, and does not diminish with years, with absence, with travel, or with distance. A Cumbrian mountaineer feels its influence, when, amidst the rudest scenes of nature, he contentedly sits down in his paternal cottage, takes his homely fare, sings his artless song, or joins in the rustic dance.—

"Tho' poor the peasant's hut, his feasts tho' small,  
 "He sees his little lot the lot of all;  
 "Sees no contiguous palace rear its head,  
 "To shame the meanness of his humble shed;  
 "No costly lord the sumptuous banquet deal,  
 "To make him loath his vegetable meal;  
 "But calm, and bred in ignorance and toil,  
 "Each wish contracting fits him for the soil."

GOLDSMITH.

In whatever distant country, or in whatever situation of life, fortune may place us, we still remember with affection the place of our birth, and cheer the hours of absence with the hopes of returning to it,—of seeing again the companions of our early years,—and of revisiting those scenes that have been long endeared to us by tender recollections. In what melting strains of genuine pathos did Ovid break out, when, in those remote regions to which he was banished, he recollected his country, his home, and his friends!

*Et pœna est patria sola carere mea!*

## NOTE XIX.

TOM LINTON.] A man of licentious opinions and dissolute morals is considered, by his companions in guilt, as a liberal thinker, and as a man of spirit and gallantry; but, to the virtuous and wiser part of the world, he appears as a timid and illiberal-minded wretch, callous to every honourable feeling, and as contracted in his understanding as he is depraved in

his heart. It may seem strange that such a description of men exist in a kingdom peculiarly distinguished by the excellency of its constitution, its laws, and its religion. But if, among the great and illustrious characters which our country has produced, there may be found some who disgrace her, who can help it? The soil that gives growth and vigour to the majestic oak, frequently nourishes the loathsome reptile.

## NOTE XX.

THE HAPPY FAMILY.] The numerous instances of domestic felicity, which we meet with among the lower classes of society, and the dissatisfaction and inquietude which so often prevail among the higher ranks, will convince us, that to acquire riches and distinction, is not to acquire contentment and happiness. With health, industry, and virtue, happy in his domestic relations, in his kindred, in his friends, with limited wishes, and all his thoughts at home, the poor man enjoys comforts which wealth cannot purchase, or rank confer. Every remove from his humble, unambitious situation, would probably be so many removes from innocency and peace.

Poverty, indeed, however supported by virtue, has its peculiar distresses; but what are its distresses to the pangs felt by guilty affluence? On the innocent and uncorrupted heart gleams of comfort are continually darting through the darkest shades of human life.

## NOTE XXI.

*Now monie a wife will weep for joy.]* Peace brings so many blessings, and puts a period to so many calamities, that it can hardly be purchased by too great sacrifices. What pleasing sensations does it afford to a feeling and patriotic heart to hear the carol of joy and contentment in every village: to see domestic happiness restored to an afflicted family, by the return of a husband, a father, or a favourite son; to behold the spirit of trade, commerce, and agriculture revive, and receive new energies; and to see wealth, plenty, and happiness diffused through the nation by a hundred different channels! If such be the effects of peace, who can behold without a tear those guilty laurels which have been obtained in unjust wars, amidst scenes of blood and devastation,—amidst the widow's tears and the orphan's cries!

## NOTE XXII.

*I think o' my playmates, &c.]* We always look back with pleasure on our early years, because at that period every object that surrounds us appears in gay and pleasing colours; our hearts are light, our affections warm, our hopes eager, and our pursuits ardent.

In whatever part of the world we reside, we always feel a passionate desire to return to the spot where we passed the hours of our early life; to see again the companions of our childhood; to re-trace the

scenes of our juvenile frolics; to re-visit the green where we have sported, the shades under which we have reposed, and the banks where we often loitered. A modern poet, in describing the scenes where his early youth was passed, breaks out in the genuine language of poetry and of nature :

“ Ah, happy hills ! ah, pleasing shade !

“ Ah, fields belov'd in vain !

“ Where once my careless childhood stray'd,

“ A stranger yet to pain !

“ I feel the gales that from you blow

“ A momentary bliss bestow ;

“ As, waving fresh their gladsome wing,

“ My weary soul they seem to sooth,

“ And, redolent of joy and youth,

“ To breathe a second spring.”

GRAY.

These tender feelings, which exist in a more or less degree in every bosom, afford a melancholy attestation, that the more we advance in life the more are our years loaden with sorrow, with care, and with discontent !

#### NOTE XXIII.

*That farmers are happier, &c.]* The poets, in their descriptions of human felicity, generally draw their images from pastoral life, because they suppose where there is simplicity there is also innocence and happiness. But when we search in rural life for the original from which they draw their beautiful pictures,

we search for what is not always to be found. We often see there vice in all its grossness, and the tranquillity of life destroyed by the agitation of the passions. With the ploughman's song and the shepherd's lute we sometimes hear the murmurs of complaint, and the voice of discontent.—In every situation the degree of happiness and misery will be found in proportion to the prevalence of virtue and vice.

#### NOTE XXIV.

*Oh this weary, weary world !*] Such will be the exclamation of every one who has lived to that period of life when the powers of sensation are blunted, when worldly objects no longer attach the heart, and when those amusements which gave rapture to youth can no longer please. Weighed down with infirmities and sorrow, and standing on the stage of life as a friendless, forlorn, insulated individual, the burden of an old man's song must ever be, “*Oh this weary, weary world !*”

#### NOTE XXV.

LAL STEPHEN.] The hero of this ballad seems to have been, from his multifarious accomplishments, the CREIGHTON of his village. Though diminutive in stature, yet his agility and prowess, his superior skill in rural occupations, and expertness at gymnastic exercises, highly exalted him in the eyes of his countrywomen, and gave him a reputation that was not

soon to decay; and a clown is as proud of his rustic honours as a warrior is of his laurels, or a poet is of his bays.

## NOTE XXVI.

*To set me out a mile o' geate.*] Sometimes a girl shews her affection to her lover by accompanying him a part of the road on his return home; and the enamoured rustic usually repays this mark of regard by an increased love in his next visit to her.

## NOTE XXVII.

*At Carel I stuid wi' a strae i' my mouth.*] In Cumberland, servants who are employed in husbandry are seldom engaged for a longer term than half a year — On the customary days of hiring, they proceed to the nearest town, and, that their intentions might be known, stand in the market-place with a sprig or straw in their mouths.

## NOTE XXVIII.

*Them ill reed-ciroated fellows, &c.*] In every profession there are men who disgrace it. We cannot condemn in too severe terms those sergeants of recruiting parties who enlist their countrymen, when excess of drinking has deprived them of all reason and reflection. To recruit our army, it is not necessary to have recourse to unjustifiable arts. There will never be wanting volunteers to fill its ranks, as

long as we know the value of that constitution which secures to us our civil and religious liberties.

### NOTE XXIX.

MATTHEW MACREE ] This noted rustic seems to have reached the pinnacle of village fame. He had recommended himself to the notice of the fair, like the knight errants in the times of chivalry, by the variety of his accomplishments. He excelled at running, wrestling, leaping and boxing. His Stentorian voice and sonorous sounds gained him the reputation of a singer and a scholar. And let no person despise Matthew Macree. He attained as much distinction as satisfied his ambition ; and what greater gratification do they receive who fill the world with their names ?

### NOTE XXX.

*I can't for the life o' me get her to work.]* When love makes an attack upon us, he never grants us a truce till he has subdued the heart. He pursues us to our occupations, to our amusements, to our closets, to our chambers. The whole mind is engrossed by the object of our affections, and nothing gives us pleasure but what has an immediate or indirect relation to it ; while with the possession or loss of it we connect our happiness or misery.



## NOTE XXXI.

*Ay, lad! see a murry-neet, &c.]* The common people in Cumberland, like the common people in all countries, have their festive scenes, in which they mingle with ardour, and forget awhile the toils, cares, and hardships peculiar to their stations. Amidst their coarse and homely pastimes their hearts expand to gaiety, and receive more genuine gratification than is to be found among those splendid amusements which the rich, the idle, and the dissipated have invented to diversify life, and remove that tædium, languor, and disquietude, which oppress a heart enervated by luxury, and corrupted by vice.

A CUMBRIAN MERRY-NIGHT is, as its name imports, a night appropriated to mirth and festivity. It takes place at some country ale-house, during the holidays of Christmas, a season in which every Cumbrian peasant refuses to be governed by the cold and niggardly maxims of economy and thrift. That the guests might want nothing to cheer their hearts, the landlord of the house is careful to replenish his cellar with ale and spirits, as well as to provide bread and cheese, pipes and tobacco, cards and music.

The young women, who are particularly fond of these diversions, and who are introduced to them by some friend, relation, or lover, have pies placed before them: and that girl must be modest indeed who refuses to taste of a luxury when it is within her reach.

The company is divided into different parties, according to their different propensities, and to the different amusements to which they are attached.—They whose ruling passion is card-playing, seat themselves in some apartment where they can obtain a comfortable fire and a commodious table.—The *sweethearters* retire to some snug, sequestered corner, where, unseen by any licentious eye, and unheard by any idle ear, they can breathe the vows and speak the soft language of love. They who are fond of dancing, enjoy their diversion in the house-loft, to which they ascend by means of stone steps or a ladder. Its walls are generally very low; but, as there is no ceiling, a very tall person may stand erect under its roof. The dancers exhibit specimens of agility, rather than of skill; and though their heads have often stubborn rencounters with the beams and rafters of the building, they are seldom forsaken by either their spirits or their elasticity.

The music is that of the fiddle; and, if it be not so powerful as the minstrelsy of old times, which gave motion to stocks, trees, and stones, it may be truly said of it (and which is certainly no little praise) that it gives activity, if not grace, to the big, unwieldy limbs of a Cumbrian clown.

They who love flowing bumpers seat themselves in the kitchen, or bower, where

---

“The dry divan  
 “Close in brim circle; and et, ardent, in  
 “For serious drinking.”—— THOMSON.

These are the jovial and legitimate sons of Bacchus, who know no other pleasures of life than that which is supplied by the bottle. He who wastes life in an ambitious pursuit of power or distinction, and the sordid wretch who starves amidst accumulated treasures, are alike the objects of his contempt and satire. Even the "whining lover," whose happiness or misery is produced by the smiles or the frowns of his mistress, betrays, in his opinion, a weak, despicable understanding, that hardly entitles him to a place in the scale of thinking beings. These boon companions of the glass are the last lingering remains of these festive meetings, seldom departing till their roseate faces receive the reflection of the next day's sun.

#### NOTE XXXII.

*How monie a scowre this angry neet.]* The comforts that are found in a cottage often more than counterbalance the toils and hardships attending a life of poverty. Happy in the society of his wife and family, blest with a healthy and vigorous constitution, industrious, temperate and innocent, what is there in the nature of things that can improve his condition?—When he becomes dissatisfied, it is when he suffers his thoughts and imagination to roam among scenes of grandeur—among luxuries and expensive pleasures—among the pompous pursuits and amusements of the great—all of which are but so many different modifications of splendid misery.

## NOTE XXXIII.

'*Twas Rob and Jock, &c.*] The convivial meeting celebrated in this ballad, may vie, in many respects, with the most distinguished *symposiums* of Greece and Rome. Had old Anacreon composed one of the party, with what rapture would he have surveyed the capacious vessel that contained a pool of liquor, of a superior quality to the famed nectar of the gods!—With what animation would he have shaken his hoary locks! What a glow would all his features have received from the spirituous fluid! And with what vigour would he have struck his lyre in its praise!

The party here alluded to were our author and a few jovial friends. ARCHY, to whose comfortable cabin they were invited, is a well-known, industrious, and respectable tradesman—the scourge of pretenders, but the friend of humble merit: a man who possesses the endearing qualities, benevolence of heart, and cheerfulness of disposition.

“By Nature form'd in her most sportive mood,”

He is one of the few who can put Care to the rout,  
make his friends happy, and keep the table in a roar.

R. A.

## NOTE XXXIV.

*At town, kirk, market, &c.*] A beautiful country girl makes a swain feel the force of her charms whenever he beholds him: even “Saudy shines no sub-

bath-day to him." At his very devotion she points against him the artillery of her eye. In short, she attacks him in every place, and, what is still more cruel, when she has subdued his heart, often plays with his passion, refusing her hand to the man whose affections she has gained. She ought, however, to observe, that a conqueror's glory is his lenity, and that her behaviour to her captives ought to be humane, if not generous; and not like that of a heathen victor, who dragged them at the wheels of his triumphant chariot.

#### NOTE XXXV.

*But as for Jwohnie, &c.]* In every Cumbrian village there is generally a rustic politician, who has established his political reputation among his countrymen by volubly discoursing on the state of the nation. At his leisure hours, he assembles a group of his neighbours round his fire-side, reads to them a provincial newspaper, comments upon every paragraph, reviews every transaction, points out all the errors of the ministry, and concludes by laying down a system of politics, which, in his opinion, would put the good things of life more within the reach of him and his countrymen, and enable them to dine and breakfast upon roast-beef and plum-pudding, instead of *caw'd licord* and oatmeal pottage.

## NOTE XXXVI.

*The schuilmaister's a conjuror, &c.]* Few occupations are attended with more labour and less profit than that of a country schoolmaster. In Cumberland his income seldom exceeds thirty pounds a-year, for which he teaches forty or fifty scholars, during nine or ten hours of the day. If he be a single man, his stipend, with rigid economy, may be equal to his support; but if he be married, and have a family, his distresses must be great indeed! In some parts of Cumberland his situation is somewhat improved; for he not only receives quarter-pence, but is provided with victuals at the homes of his scholars, which he visits in succession. This *whittle-gait* (as it is called) subjects him however to the toil of travelling, as many of the houses, in which he is entitled to his victuals, are situated at a great distance from his school, and the roads to them scarcely passable during the winter season; but what difficulties cannot a rustic pedagogue, with a keen appetite and a vigorous constitution, overcome in pursuit of a dinner?— Provided with an oaken staff, a pair of *clogs*, and a *kelt* surtout, he travels always with spirit and expedition to his kail and crowdy, unintimidated by the length of the road, or the tempestuousness of the weather.

## NOTE XXXVII.

*Our parson says we bang'd them still.]* Nothing tends more to inspire valour than a knowledge of the achievements of our ancestors. A British soldier does not calculate the number of his enemies when he recalls to mind the battles of Crecy, Poitiers, and Agincourt. The study of history, particularly that of our own country, should therefore form an important part in the system of education. It will be the means of making us better patriots and better men; for he must be lost to every honourable feeling, whose loyalty and patriotism do not kindle at the names of a Falkland and a Montrose.

## NOTE XXXVIII.

*The witch weyfe begg'd in our backseyde.]* In Cumberland, the word *backside* implies that space of ground which lies immediately behind the house;—but, in its common acceptation, it conveys an idea less refined, and is particularly apt, in the mouth of a rustic, to wound the delicate ear of a fine lady, unacquainted with its provincial signification.

“ A plain Cumberland farmer, being called to London on some law-business, took the opportunity to visit his landlord, whose residence was in Spring-Garden; but not finding him at home, he entered into a chat with his daughter, a fashionable fine lady, who very civilly showed him all the house, and wa-

highly diverted with his remarks on every thing he saw. In the course of his survey honest HODGE, casually resting his hand upon a certain *be-corked* part of her dress, exclaimed with much simplicity, while he popped his head out of the window,—‘ *The leevin surs, Miss! what a muckle BACKSIDE you ha’e gotten! It cannot seerly be aw your awn? i. e. Wonderful, Miss! what a spacious backside you have gotten! It cannot surely be all your own? To this plain question a blush was the only answer which the lady returned.*”

#### NOTE XXXIX.

*Auld Grizzy the witch, &c.]* Such of the Cumbrian peasantry, whose ideas have not been enlarged by education, have a firm belief in witchcraft and necromancy; and discover, in the person of every deformed old woman, a witch and a magician, whose favour they are anxious to conciliate, and whose vengeance they are solicitous to avert. If poor Hodge fall from his cart, and dislocate his neck; if he be wildered on some dreary moor; if some contagious distemper destroy his cattle, or some pestilential sickness afflict his family; in short, all the calamities and misfortunes that visit him or his neighbours, are imputed to her infernal incantations.

#### NOTE XL.

*Whea wa’n’t that brak our lanlword garth?* To pilage a garden or an orchard is generally considered



as a venial fault in a school-boy, and even praise is bestowed on the spirit with which the enterprize is executed. But certainly every tendency to vice cannot be too soon corrected, as a disposition to virtue cannot be too soon formed.

## NOTE XLI.

*My Gwordie's whussle weel I ken.*] A life of severe labour does not depress the spirits of a peasant. On his return to his cottage, after the toils of the day are over, he makes the woods and valleys vocal with his song, and "*the maid of his heart*" is generally the theme of his praise; happy if his notes catch her ear, and happier still if they be heard with partiality, and incline her to meet with equal ardour the passion that dictated them.

## NOTE XLII.

*I mind what, &c.*] The pleasures which the aged enjoy are mostly supplied by memory. Amidst their increasing infirmities, they dwell with peculiar delight on the days of their youth,—on those happy hours when every object seemed gilded in the brightest colours,—when the heart was light, and all around them joy and festivity. They are fond of recounting their juvenile frolics, exploits, and adventures; and, when they are the narrators of their own actions, a partiality for the subject generally leads to a minute-

ness of detail that would weary every ear, except that of garrulous old age.

### NOTE XLIII.

*Come, gi'es thy hand, Gabey !]* Modern friendships are for the most part rather nominal than real ; they profess much, but mean nothing. Their language never comes from the heart. It is formal and ceremonious, breaks out in fulsome compliments and extravagant panegyric, and applies nearly the same set of phrases to the genius and to the dunce, to the wise and the foolish, to the virtuous to the vicious.

### NOTE XLIV.

*Our Ellek likes fat bacon weel.]* There is nothing fastidious in the appetite of a Cumbrian rustic. His repast at noon generally consists of a *crowdy*, a *cow'd-lword*, and a piece of bacon. If the bacon be boiled, he sups the broth ; if fried, he pours the melted fat among his potatoes.—A *cow'd-lword* is a cant name for a kind of pudding composed of oatmeal, tallow, suet, and hog's-lard, which, to a rustic palate, is always a luxurious dish. A *crowdy* is composed of oatmeal and the marrow of beef or mutton bones, and is the introductory dish that takes off something from the keenness of a ploughman's appetite.

When potatoes solely constitute the dinner, the mess is more than usually large. After boiling some time, they are beaten and mashed by a club-headed

wooden instrument, called a *tatoe-chopper*, and the whole mass placed upon a platter. In the centre of this fuming pile is a cavity filled with melted butter, or the fat of bacon, into which every one at table merges his spoon or knife loaden with potatoes.

The breakfast and supper generally consist of thick pottage, a kind of food made of oatmeal and water, and boiled till it becomes a viscous mass.—The general bread of the peasantry is composed of barley fermented with dough, and baked in an oven. In the parts bordering on Scotland a sort of barley and oat-cakes, called *scons* and *lannocks*, are used.

#### NOTE XLV.

*O, Wally! had thou nobbet been at Burgh Races!*—Some villages in Cumberland have their annual horse races. The prize is commonly a saddle or a bridle, and the horses that run for it are the property of the neighbouring *lairds* and farmers, and, without any previous discipline, are brought from the plough or cart to the course.

When the race is finished, the country lads proceed with their sweethearts to the village ale-house, where they dance, sing, and drink, and talk over the adventures of the day.

The races celebrated in this ballad took place on the 3d of May, 1804, at Brough, or Burgh, a village in the neighbourhood of Carlisle, where our warlike Edward died on an expedition that was to decide the

fate of Scotland. The prize was a silver cup, given by Lord Lowther, which, besides its intrinsic value, 50*l.* conferred an honour on the winner, equal at least to the garland of wild olive, worn by the victors at the Olympic games.

### NOTE XLVI.

*There was, 'How fens te, Tommy?' &c.* When an honest Cumbrian rustic meets an acquaintance, he addresses himself to him by the warm interrogatory, '*How fens te?*' i. e. How fares it with you in respect to health? If the person to whom the question is addressed be in a good state of health, the reply is, '*I's gaily;*' i. e. I am in good health and spirits.

### NOTE XLVII.

*Man thysel, Jemmy!]* Before the company depart from country horse-races, a stubborn contest with fists usually commences, in which the rustic warriors are animated by the praises of their sweethearts.— Sometimes a courageous rural dame takes an active part in the battle, and brings succour to her fainting lover by directing, with the vigour of an amazon, a few desperate blows against the nose of his antagonist.

### NOTE XLVIII.

*I peep'd through the window, &c.]* The windows of many farm-houses in Cumberland are without

shutters, and some of them without curtains;—so, during a winter night, while the fire is cheerfully blazing, the whole family, and every part of the kitchen and furniture, are revealed to the sight of every idle eves-dropper. The honest sweetheart, however, when he pays his nocturnal visit to his *dulcinca*, peeps through the glass with no other view than of gratifying his sight with the looks and motions of the fair object of his affections, happy if he find no rival participating in her smiles and conversation.

## NOTE XLIX.

*Peer Dinah Dufton, &c.*] It must be an insensible heart that does not feel for the fate of those unfortunate females who have been seduced from the paths of virtue and innocence, by the artifices of a set of men who are the disgrace of their country, and the pests of society.—The crime of seduction has spread general misery. It has even filled rural life, (from which the poets of all ages have drawn their finest images of felicity,) with complaint, disease, and wretchedness; and if such be its effects, he is no friend to his country who does not wish that some effectual check were put to it.

## NOTE L.

*Says Ned, says he, the thimmet g'e me.*] A village swain endeavours to ingratiate himself into the favour of his sweetheart by making her such presents as are

within the reach of his humble circumstances, such as handkerchiefs, ribbons, gloves, thimbles, beads, &c.—In all ranks of life, the cold virtue of savingness gives way to the warmth of love.

### NOTE LI.

*There was ill gusty Jemmy, the cocker o' Codbeck.]* A cocker is a character that a humane mind will always contemplate with disgust. The diversion which he is fond of can only gratify a heart lost to virtue and divested of feeling, or attract an understanding feeble, and barren of ideas. When we see the profligate and squalid crowds that attend a country cock-fight, we cannot but feel for the honour of human nature, and regret that a practice, which has such a direct tendency to brutalize the heart, should be suffered to prevail in a country which can boast of the mildest government and the purest religion.

### NOTE LII.

*But canny auld Cumberlan, &c.]* The traveller, whose object is amusement, and not the acquisition of money, may gratify his passion by a tour through Cumberland. Scenes of picturesque beauty will every-where present themselves to his eye. Keswick, where mountains, rocks, precipices, and cataracts are contrasted with peaceful vales and placid lakes, has been justly called "*The Elysium of the North*," for if elysium is to be found upon earth, it must surely

be in that happy vale, which Nature has so peculiarly distinguished by her bounties, and surrounded with such rich and magnificent scenery; and where may be found a race of men leading happy and peaceful lives, strangers to the follies and unagitated by the passions that fill the rest of the world with crimes and misery.

### NOTE LIII.

*We're Corby, &c.]* Corby Castle, by far the most delightful situation in Cumberland (perhaps in the North), stands on the banks of Eden, four miles from Carlisle. Its hanging woods of various hues, hoarse murmuring streams, stupendous rocks, echoing cells, and extensive walks, have so often been the traveller's theme, that any attempt at minute description might justly be deemed vanity in our author.

The present Owner, HENRY HOWARD, Esq. has long been adding beauties to a place, where Nature seems to say,

Behold me, man, in all my wild attire !

And while he, from every manly, patriotic, and virtuous principle, enjoys the confidence of the highest circles, his amiable lady is the idol of the tenantry and neighbouring villagers ;

Softening the pangs of sickness, want, and sorrow,  
While thousands run seek in bawd excess,  
And rob the wretched, Heaven has plac'd beneath them.

R. A.

## NOTE LIV.

*Nin like thee cud fling the gavelick.]* The brawny rustics of Cumberland are fond of athletic exercises. They sometimes make a trial of their strength by pitching the gavelick, or lever, and sometimes by lifting huge stones, almost equal in size and weight to that with which the mighty Hector forced the Grecian fortifications :—

“ A pond’rous stone bold Hector heav’d to throw,

“ Pointed above, and rough and gross below :

“ Not two strong men th’ enormous weight could raise,

“ Such men as live in these degen’rate days.”

ILIAD.

## NOTE LV.

*Then, Job, I mind at your kurn-supper.]* When a Cumbrian farmer has cut down his corn, he makes an entertainment, to which he invites the reapers and a few of his neighbours. This entertainment is called a *kurn*, or *churn*; because a quantity of cream, slightly churned, was originally the only dish which constituted it. In the progress of modern luxury, other dishes have been added to this rural feast, and a rustic epicure may now riot amidst a profusion of pies, plumb-puddings, and dumplings.

## NOTE LVI.

*And, Jeff, when met at Cursmass cairdins.]* In Cumberland, a succession of diversions, and feasts,



merriments, distinguishes the holidays of Christmas. Of the different festive meetings which take place at that season, card-playing constitutes a considerable portion of the amusement; and the cottage that can supply a stool, ashes-board, and a rush-light, has sufficient accommodations for a rustic card-player.

## NOTE LVII.

*I'll hev a young weyfe suin!]* A man, with his bosom inflamed with love, while his head is crowned with the hoar of age, exhibits as strange a phenomenon as the mountain that contains fire in its bowels, while its summit is crowned with snow; and when he leads a young woman to the altar, he is always subject to the ridicule of the world. But if it be true, what the author of "The Valetudinarian's Bath Guide" advances, that the breath of young girls has a salubrious effect on the constitution of old men, his marriage, at so late a period of life, ought to be rather adduced as an instance of mature wisdom than of doating folly.

## NOTE LVIII.

*A wee swoope guid yell is a peer body's comfort.]* A poor man's comforts and amusements are confined within narrow limits; but, as narrow as they are, there are those who would wish to contract them.—They would not only take from his duce and merry night, but also his pot of ale at the village ale-house.

where, after the labour of the day, he sometimes relaxes himself among companions of similar manners, pursuits, and habits of life; and an indulgence certainly innocent, provided it be not carried to an excess ruinous to himself and family. His life is a life of labour, and often of distress. If he sometimes steal from care and toil to the place “where nut-brown draughts inspire,” who can blame him?

### NOTE LIX.

*The dang'rous yell-house kills monie brave fellows.]* Moderate cups administer comfort to the heart, open its springs, and keep up the spirit of social intercourse; but numerous are the evils which flow from intemperate drinking. How many promising youths, who, by their talents and genius, were capable of sustaining the dignity of the human character, has this baleful habit sunk into insignificance and contempt, or hurried to an untimely grave! How many bosoms, formed for virtue and happiness, has it filled with guilt and misery!

In the time of King Edgar, the vice of drunkenness so much prevailed, that he endeavoured to check it by limiting the number of ale-houses, and ordering nails or pins to be fixed, at stated distances, in the drinking cups and horns, by which marks the drinkers were to regulate their draughts, or suffer punishment. What effect these regulations produced at that time I do not know; but I'm afraid that pins and penalties would

be feeble barriers against the vigorous draughts of a modern toper.

### NOTE LX.

*We went owre to Deavie' clay-daubin.]* In the eastern and northern parts of Cumberland, the walls of houses are in general composed of clay, and in their erection take seldom more than the space of a day. When a young rustic marries, the highest ambition of his heart is to be the master of an humble clay-built cottage, that might afford shelter to him and his family. As soon as he has selected a proper site, which usually borders on some moor that affords turf and peat for fuel, he signifies his intentions to his neighbours, who, on the appointed day, punctually muster on the spot where the intended building is to be raised, each individual bringing a spade and one day's provisions along with him.

That every thing might be done in order, and without confusion, a particular piece of work is assigned to each labourer. Some dig the clay, some fetch it in wheelbarrows, some water it and mix it with straw, and some heave it upon the walls. The rustic girls, (a great many of whom attend on the occasion,) fetch the water, with which the clay is softened, from some neighbouring ditch or pond. When the walls are raised to their proper height, the company have plenty to eat and to drink; after which the lads and the

lasses, with faces incrustated with clay and dirt, take a dance upon the clay-floor of the newly-erected cottage.

### NOTE LXI.

*See, deame, if we've got a swope whusky.*] Whisky, diluted with water, is the common beverage of the rustic inhabitants of the north of Cumberland; and though their rum bottle may sometimes be exhausted, they seldom fail to be pretty well stocked, (notwithstanding the vigilance of the exciseman) with contraband whisky.

### NOTE LXII.

*I' th' kurk garth the clark caw'd his seale.*] “The kurk-garth, or church-yard, on a Sunday morning, (observes an ingenious friend) is to the country people of Cumberland what the Exchange is to the merchants of London, and answers all the purposes of business or amusement, from whence general information is to be sent round the parish.”

“The *kurk-fwoke*, or congregation, therefore, usually stop about the church-door, after the service is done, to hear these notices which are mostly given by the parish clerk, elevated upon a *thruff*, or flat tombstone, sometimes from a written paper, and sometimes taken verbally from the mouth of the party concerned. This latter mode, in the tone and dialect of an old formal psalm-singer, produces often a very en-

rious effect, as is exemplified in the following notice, actually delivered, a few years ago at the door of Stanwix church, near Carlisle:—

CLERK.—Hoo-a-z-yes!—This, is, to give nnotice, that there is to be, on Wednesday neist, at—(When?)

MAN.—Twelve.

CLERK.—Twelve of the clock precisely—(Whar?)

MAN.—Linstock.

CLERK.—At Linstock, near Rickar-by, a sale of—(What?)

MAN.—Esh for car-stangs.

CLERK.—A sale of esh-wood—for car-stangs; and if any body wants to ken aught mair about it, they mun apply to—(Wheay?)

MAN.—Thomas Dobson.

CLERK.—Thomas Dobson, clerk of Stanwix; that is, Mister.—(Any thing mair?)

MAN.—Nay, that's aw.

CLERK.—Wa' then, God save the King!—(How fend ye, Mister Ritson? how fend ye?)

“This manner of making a public proclamation through the medium of a prompter, is by no means modern; it occurs exactly in the second scene of the third act of *“The New Inn,”* by Ben Johnson.”

#### NOTE LXIII.

*The lads rubb'd her down wi' pez-strae.*] A Cumbrian girl, when her lover proves unfaithful to her, is,

by way of consolation, rubbed with pease-straw by the neighbouring lads; and when a Cumbrian youth loses his sweetheart, by her marriage with a rival, the same sort of comfort is administered to him by the lasses of the village.

END OF THE  
NOTES.

# GLOSSARY.



## A

**A**BED, in bed  
 Abuin, above  
 Ae, one  
 Advisin, advising  
 Afwore, before  
 A-fit, on foot  
 Agean, against  
 Ahint, behind  
 A-horse, on horseback  
 Ail, to be indisposed  
 Aikton, a village near  
     Wigton  
 Ajy, awry  
 Alang, along  
 Allyblaster, allabaster  
 Amang, among  
 Ambrie, pantry  
 Anent, opposite  
 Anunder't, under it  
 Anudder, another  
 Aroun, around  
 As-bund, ashes-board; a  
     box in which ashes are  
     carried  
 'At, contraction of *that*  
 Atomy, skeleton  
 Atween, between  
 Auld, old  
 Amnty, aunt  
 Aw, all  
 Awn, own

Ax, to ask  
 Ay! expression of wonder  
 Ayont, beyond

## B

'Bacco, tobacco  
 Bairns, children  
 Bandylan, a female of bad  
     character  
 Bang, to beat; an action  
     of haste, as, *he com in*  
     *uri' a bang*  
 Baith, both  
 Bane, bone  
 Bailies, bailiffs  
 Bannocks, bread made of  
     oatmeal, thicker than  
     common cakes  
 Backseyde, the yard be-  
     hind a house  
 Bashfu', bashful  
 Batter, dirt  
 Bawlk, a cross beam  
 Behint, behind  
 Bein, being  
 Bet, a wager; beat  
 Bettermer, better  
 Beyde, to endure, to stay  
 Belder, to below, vocife-  
     rate  
 Belsh, to emit wind from  
     the stomach  
 Biggin, building

Bit, a small piece  
 Billy, brother  
 Bizen, (see shem)  
 Bleaken'd. blacken'd  
 Blate, bashful  
 Bleer-e'e'd. blear-ey'd  
 Bleets, blights  
 Bleckell, Blackwell, a village near Carlisle  
 Blin, blind  
 Bluid, blood  
 Bluim, bloom  
 Blaw, blow  
 Blusteration, the noise of a braggart  
 Boggle, hobgoblin  
 Bont, a turn; action  
 Bodder, bother  
 Bowt, bought  
 Bonnie, pretty  
 Bow-hough'd, having crooked houghs  
 Brack, broke  
 Brag, boast  
 Braid, broad  
 Bran new, quite new  
 Brat, a coarse apron  
 Bray, to beat  
 Bravely, in a good state of health  
 Breer, briar  
 Breet, bright  
 Brees'd, bruise'd  
 Breeks, breeches  
 Breyde, bride  
 Brig, bridge  
 Brong, brought  
 Brunt, burnt

Brulliment, broil  
 Brast, burst  
 Buin, above  
 Buits, boots  
 Bumm'd, struck; beat  
 Bunc'd, an action of haste, as, *he bunc'd in amang us*  
 Buck up, to subscribe  
 Butter-shag, a slice of bread spread with butter  
 Butter-sops, wheat or oat-en bread, soaked in melted butter and sugar  
 Bworn, born  
 Bwor'd, bor'd  
 Bygane, bygone; past  
 Byre, cow-house

## C

Cabbish, cabbage  
 Caff, chaff  
 Cairds, cards  
 Carel, Carlisle  
 Canny, decent looking, well made  
 Capper, one who excels  
 Car, cart  
 Carras, a shade or cart-house, wherein carts are kept  
 Cat-witted, silly and conceited  
 Ceyder, cider  
 Chap, a general term for man, used either in a manner of respect or contempt



- Chawk, chalk  
 Cheyde, chide  
 Chiel, a young fellow  
 Chimley, chimney  
 Chops, mouth  
 Claes, cloaths  
 Clashes, tale-bearers  
 Clarty, miry  
 Claver, to climb  
 Clogs, a sort of shoes, the upper part of strong hide leather, and the soles of birch or alder, plaited with iron  
 Cleed, to cloath  
 Cleek, to catch as with a hook  
 Click-clack, the noise that the pendulum of a clock makes in its vibrations.  
 Clink, a blow  
 Cipt dimment, a thin, mean-looking fellow  
 Cipt and heel'd, properly dressed, like a cock prepared to fight  
 Clive, clever  
 Cluff, a blow  
 Co', come or came  
 Cockin, cock-fighting  
 Cocker, a feeder or fighter of cocks  
 Com. came  
 Corp, corpse  
 Cow'd-lword, a pudding made of oatmeal and suet  
 Cowp, to exchange  
 Cowt, colt  
 Crack, to chat, to challenge, to boast, or do any thing quickly,  
*I's du't in a crack*  
 Crackets, crickets  
 Crammel, to perform a thing awkwardly  
 Crap, crept  
 Creyke, creek  
 Cronie, an old acquaintance  
 Croft, a field behind the house  
 Crouse, lofty, haughty  
 Cruds, curds  
 Cruin, to bellow, to hum a tune  
 Cud, could  
 Cuddy Wulson, Cuthbert Wilson  
 Cuil, cool  
 Cummerlan, Cumberland  
 Cunn'd, counted  
 Curley pow, curled head  
 Cursmin, christening  
 Cursty, Christopher  
 Cursmas, Christmas  
 Curtey'd, curtesy'd  
 Cutty, short  
 Cutten, cut down  
 Cutter'd, whisper'd  
 Cwoach, coach  
 Cwoals, coals  
 Cwoat, coat  
 Cwoley, a farmer's or shepherd's dog  
 Cwoe-nouse, corse-house

## D

Daddle, hand  
 Daft, half wise, sometimes wanton  
 Daggy, drizzly  
 Dander, to hobble  
 Darrak, a day's labour  
 Dapper, neatly dressed  
 Darter, active in performing a thing  
 Dawstoners, inhabitants of Dalston, a village near Carlisle  
 De, do  
 Deame, dame  
 Deavie, David  
 Ded, or deddy, father  
 Dee, to die  
 Deems, doings  
 Deef, deaf  
 De'il bin, devil take  
 Deet, died; to clean  
 Deeth, death  
 Deetin, winnowing corn  
 Deyl'd, mop'd, spiritless  
 Deyke, hedge  
 Diddle, to hum a tune  
 Dis, does  
 Dispert, desperate  
 Dissnins, a distance in horse-racing, the 8th part of a mile  
 Divvent, do not  
 Doff, to undress  
 Don, to dress  
 Donnet, an ill-disposed woman  
 Downo, cannot, *i. e.* when

one has the power, but wants the will to do any thing

Dowter, daughter

Douse, jolly, or sonsy-looking person: according to others, solid, grave, and prudent

Dozen'd, spiritless and impotent

Dub, a small collection of stagnant water

Dubbler, a wooden platter

Dui, do

Duir, door

Duin, done

Dud, did

Duds, coarse cloaths

Dunch, to strike with the elbows

Dunnet, do not

Dung owre, knocked over

Durdein, broil, hubbub

Durtment, any thing useless

Dust, durdem, one of the many provincial names for money

Dwoated, doated

## E

Ee, eye

Een, eyes

Efter, after

Etcy, Alice

Eleebein, eleven

Ellek, Alexander

En, end

Eneugh, enough  
Eshes, ash-trees

## F

Fadder, father  
Famish, famous  
Fan, found, felt  
Fash, trouble  
Fares-te-weel, fares-thee-  
well  
Fau't, fault  
Faul, farm-yard  
Faw, fall  
Feace, face  
Feale, fail  
Feckless, feeble, wanting  
effect

Feght, fight  
Fettle, order, condition  
Feyne, fine  
Fit, foot, fought  
Fin, to find, to feel  
Flacker'd, flitter'd  
Flay, fright, to fright  
Fleek, flitch  
Flegmagaries, useless  
fripperies of female  
dress

Fluir, or fleer, floor  
Flyre, to laugh  
Font, foolish  
Forby, besides  
Forrit, forward  
Fou, full  
Fowt, a fondling  
Frae, from  
Frase, fray  
Fratch, quarrel, to quar-  
rel

Freeten'd, frighten'd  
Freet, to grieve  
Fremu'd, strange  
Frostit, frosted  
Frow, a worthless woman  
Fuil, fool  
Furbelows, useless silks,  
frills, or gauzes, of a  
female dress  
Furst, first  
Fuss, bustle  
Fwoal, foal  
Fworc'd, forc'd  
Fwolk, folk  
Fwurm, a form, a bench

## G

Ga, to go  
Gaen, gone  
Gam, game  
Gamblers, gamblers  
Gammerstang, a tall awk-  
ward person, of a bad  
gait  
Gang, to go; a confede-  
rated company of infa-  
mous persons  
Gar, to compel  
Garth, orchard or garden  
Gat, got  
Gate, road or path  
Gawn, going  
Gayshen, a smock-faced,  
silly-looking person  
Gear, wealth, money, the  
tackling of a cart or  
plough  
Gev, gave  
Git, get

- Girn, grin  
 Girt, great  
 Gliff, glance  
 Glyme, to look obliquely,  
   squint  
 Glowre, to stare  
 Glump'd, gloom'd  
 Gob, month  
 Gowd i' gowpens, gold in  
   handfuls  
 Gowk, the cuckow; a  
   thoughtless, ignorant  
   fellow, who harps too  
   long on a subject  
 Gowl, to weep  
 Graen, to groan  
 Graith'd, dressed, accou-  
   tered  
 Grandideer, grenadier  
 Grandy, grandmother  
 Graufadder, grandfather  
 Granson, grandson  
 Greace, grace  
 Greave, grave  
 Greymin, a thin covering  
   of snow  
 Grousome, grim  
 Greype, a three-pronged  
   instrument for the pur-  
   pose of cleaning cow-  
   houses  
 Gulder, to speak amaz-  
   ingly loud, and with a  
   di-sonant voice  
 Gully, a large knife  
 Guff, a fool  
 Guid, good  
 Gurdie, the iron on which  
   cakes are baked  
 Gwordie, George
- H
- Hack'd, won every thing  
 Ha'e, have  
 Hale, whole  
 Hallan, partition wall  
 Hantel, large quantity  
 Hankitcher, handkerchief  
 Hap, to cover  
 Hardleys, hardly  
 Hauld, hold, shelter  
 Havey-scavey, all in con-  
   fusion  
 Hawflin, a fool  
 Haw, hall  
 Hawf, half  
 Havver, oats  
 Hay-bay, hubbub  
 Heaste, laste  
 Hether-fac'd, rough-fac'd  
 Hee, high  
 Het, hot  
 Head-wark, head-ach  
 Helter, halter  
 Hed, had  
 Hes, has  
 Hev, have  
 Hirpled, limped  
 Hinmost, hindmost  
 Hung, hang  
 Hinney, honey  
 Hizzy, huzzy  
 Hod, hold  
 Hont! pshaw!  
 Hotch, shake; to shake  
 Howdey, a midwife  
 Hug, to squeeze  
 Hur, her

Hulk, a lazy, 'clumsy fellow

Hursle, to 'raise up the shoulders

Hunsup, scold ; 'quarrel

## I

I', contract. in

Ilk, or ilka, 'every

I's, contract. I am

It 'll, contract. it will

Ither, other

Indie, East Indies

Iver, ever

Jaw, mouth

Jant, jaunt

Jen, or Jenny, Jane

Jeybe, jibe

Jobby, or Jwosep, Joseph

Jwoke, joke

John, or Jwohnie, John

## K

Keale, broth

Ken-guid, the example  
by which we are to learn  
what is good

Keave, to give an awkward  
wavering motion  
to the body

Keek, to peep

Ken, to know

Kith, acquaintances

Kittle, to tickle

Keop, a large tub

Kirk, church

Kirk-garth, church-yard

Kurn, churn ; to churn

Kye, cows

## L

Lait, to seek

Laik, play ; to play

Laird, a 'farmer's eldest  
son, or one who already  
possesses land

'Ill, contraction of will

Lal, little

Larnin, 'learning

Lairdword, landlord

Lant, a game at cards

Lanterns, the 'players at  
lant

Lave, the rest

Lapstone, a shoemaker's  
stone, upon which he  
beats his leather

Latch, a wooden sneek,  
lifted sometimes with  
a cord, at other times  
with the 'finger

Lap, leapt

Leace, lace

Leadv, lady

Leame, lane

Leate, late

Leane, alone

Leet, to meet with ; to  
alight

Leetsome, lightsome

Ledder, to beat

Lee, a lie

Leeve, live

Leather-te-patch, a  
plunging step in a  
Cumberland dance

Lig, to lie

Leethet' lass, Lewth-  
waite's lass

Lissen, to listen  
 Lish, active, genteel  
 Lonnin, a narrow lane  
     leading from one vil-  
     lage to another  
 Lock, a small quantity  
 Loff, offer  
 Loft, the upper apart-  
     ment of a cottage  
 Lout, an awkward clown  
 Lowe, flame  
 Lowes, to untie  
 Lowp, a leap; to leap  
 Lug, pull; to pull  
 Lugs, ears  
 Luik, look; to look  
 Luim, loom  
 Luive, love  
 Lunnon, London  
 Lurry, to pull  
 Lwosers, losers  
 Lwoid, lord  
 Lythey, thick

## M

Mair, more  
 Maister, master  
 Maist, most  
 Mak, make; to make  
 Mant, to stutter  
 Maks, sorts  
 Mangrel, mongrel  
 Man thysel, act with the  
     spirit of a man  
 Mappen, may happen  
 Marget, Margaret  
 Marrow, equal; of the  
     same sort

Mazle, to wander as stu-  
     pified  
 Meade, made  
 Mess, indeed, truly  
 Meer, mare  
 Midden, dunghill  
 Mickle, large. much  
 Mid-thie, mid-thigh  
 Mid-neet, mid-night  
 Mittens, gloves  
 Moilin, pining  
 Mowdywarp, a mole  
 Monie, many  
 Mud, might  
 Muir, moor  
 Muin, moon  
 Mun, must  
 Muck, dung  
 Murry, merry  
 Munnet, must not  
 Mudder, mother  
 Mworn, morn

## N

Nae, or nee, no  
 Naigs, horses  
 Nar, near  
 Nattle, to strike slightly  
 Neef, fist  
 Neame, name  
 Neet, night  
 Neist, next  
 Ne'er ak, never mind  
 Neb, nose  
 New-fangled, new-  
     fashioned  
 Neybor, neighbour  
 Neyce, nice

Nimmel, nimble  
 Nin, none  
 Nit, not  
 Niver, never  
 Nobbet, only  
 Nowt, cattle  
 Nowther, neither  
 Nuik, nook  
 Nwotish, or nwotice, notice

## O

Oaners, owners  
 Oddments, articles of no great value  
 Odswinge! a rustic oath  
 Offen, often  
 Onie, any  
 Onset, dwelling-house & out-buildings  
 On't, contract. of it  
 Or, ere  
 Open'd their gills, gap'd wide, and drank much.  
 Ought, aught  
 Owre, over  
 Owther, either

## P

Paddock rind, frog spawn  
 Pang'd, quite full  
 Parfet, perfect  
 Pat, put  
 Pate, head  
 Paut, to walk heavily  
 Paw mair, stir more; thus,  
*"the cat will never paw mair,"* means, the cat will never stir more

Pech, to pant  
 Pee'd, one ey'd  
 Peer, poor  
 Pell-mell, quick  
 Peet, a fibrous moss used for fuel  
 Pennystones, stones in the form of quoits  
 Pez, pease  
 Piggen, a wooden dish  
 Pick, pitch  
 Pick'd the fwoal, foal'd before the natural time  
 Pleugh, plough  
 Pleace, place  
 Pleenin, complaining  
 Plack, a single piece of money  
 Plied, read his book  
 Potticary, apothecary  
 Poddish, pottage  
 Pops and pairs, a game at cards  
 Pow, to pull; the head  
 Prent, print  
 Prod, thrust  
 Pruve, prove  
 Puil, pool  
 Puzzen, poison  
 Punch, to strike with the feet  
 Pwokie, poke

## R

Rattens, rats  
 Reape, rope  
 Rear, to raise; to rally  
 Reed, red  
 Reet, right

Reek, smoke  
 Reyder, rider  
 Rin, run  
 Royster'd, vociferated  
 Roughness, plenty; store  
 Row up, to devour  
 Ruddy, ready  
 Rust, rest; repose  
 Russlin, wrestling  
 Ruse, arose  
 Rwoar'd, roar'd  
 Rwose, rose

## S

Sackless. — The original meaning of this word is innocent, guiltless; but it is now applied in the sense of feeble, useless, insignificant, incapable of exertion

Sae, so  
 Sair, sore  
 Sairy, poor  
 Sarvant, servant  
 Sal, shall  
 San, sand  
 Sampleth, sampler  
 Sark, shirt  
 Sarra, to serve  
 Sattle, a long seat  
 Sault, salt  
 Sceape - greace, a hair-brain'd, graceless fellow  
 Scald'er'd, scalded  
 Sewores, scores  
 Secap'd, escap'd

Scons, cakes made of barley meal  
 Scraffle, struggle  
 Schuil, school  
 Scotty kye, Scotch cows  
 Scribe of a pen, line by way of letter  
 Scrudge, squeeze  
 Seame, same  
 Seec, sick  
 Seape, soap  
 Sec, such  
 Seegh, sigh  
 Seer, sure  
 Sel, self  
 Seed, saw  
 Seeben, seven  
 Seevy, rushy  
 See 't, contract. see it  
 Seet, sight  
 Sen, or seyne, since  
 Seugh, ditch  
 Selt, sold  
 Seypers, those who drink to the last drop; immoderate drinkers  
 Seyde, side  
 Setterday, Saturday  
 Sha' not, shall not  
 Shearin, reaping  
 Shem and a bizen, a shame, and besides a sin; the word *bizen* being apparently a corruption of "*By a sin*," i. e. besides a sin  
 Shoon, shoes  
 Shot, reckoning; freed from



- Shuik, shook  
 Sheynin, shining  
 Shuffle, to scrape with  
     the feet; to evade  
 Shouder, shoulder  
 Shoul, shovel  
 Shottle, schedule  
 Shwort, short  
 Shwort-cakes, rich fruit  
     cakes, which the Cum-  
     brian peasants present  
     to their sweethearts at  
     fairs  
 Sinseyne, since that time  
 Skirl'd, scream'd  
 Sleas, sloes  
 Slape, slippery  
 Slink, slinge  
 Slee, sly  
 Slap, to beat  
 Smiddy, smithy  
 Smaw, small  
 Smuik, smoke  
 Smutty, obscene  
 Smudder, smother  
 Snaps, small round gin-  
     gerbread cakes  
 Snworin, scoring  
 Sneek, latch or catch of  
     a gate or door  
 Swift'rin, sniffing  
 Sou-milk, butter-milk  
 Souzy, lucky, generous  
 Sowdgers, soldiers  
 Souse, to plunge or im-  
     merge  
 Spak, stroke  
 Speyce, spice  
 Splet, split  
 Spot, a place of service  
 Spwort, sport  
 Spunky, sparkling  
 Spuin, spoon  
 Starken, to tighten  
 Steyle, stile  
 Steeks, shuts  
 Strack, struck  
 Stule, stole  
 Stuil, stool  
 Stown, stolen  
 Stwory, story  
 Stuid, stood  
 Strae, straw  
 Stibble, stubble  
 Stan, stand  
 Streenin, straining  
 Strappin, tall  
 Stoun, a sudden and tran-  
     sient pain  
 Stonry, dusty  
 Stowter, to walk clumsily  
 Sticks, furniture  
 Struive, strove  
 Sud, should  
 Summet, something  
 Suin, soon  
 Sumph, blockhead  
 Sworry, sorry  
 Swapp'd, exchang'd  
 Swope, a sup  
 Swat, sit down  
 Sweyne, swine

## T

- Ta'en, taken  
 Taistel, scoundrel  
 Tauc, the one  
 Tara'd, ill-natur'd

- Tearan, tearing; a *tearan fellow* is a rough, hot-headed person, who drives every thing before him, regardless of danger and of consequences  
 Te, thee; to te-dui, to do  
 Teable, table  
 Teavlear, tailor  
 Telt, told  
 Teale, tale  
 Teakin, taking  
 Tease, to importune, to pester  
 Teyney, small  
 Tek, take  
 Tem, them  
 Teyme, time  
 Teydey, neat  
 Teugh, tough  
 Teasty, tasteful  
 Teydins, tidings  
 Thar, or thur, these  
 Thoum, thumb  
 Throssle, a thrush  
 Thworn, thorn  
 Thirteen, thirteen  
 Thowt, thought  
 Thick, friendly  
 Theek'd, thatch'd  
 Thrang, throng  
 Threep, to argue; to aver  
 Threed, thread  
 Thropple, windpipe  
 Thie, thigh  
 Thimmel, thimble  
 Tig, to strike gently  
 Titty, sister  
 To't, to the  
 Tou's, thou art  
 Tou'll, thou wilt  
 Toddle, to walk unstably, as children  
 Top, or topper, of a good quality  
 To-mworn, to-morrow  
 Trippet, a small piece of wood obtusely pointed, with which rustics amuse themselves  
 Trimmel, tremble  
 Trouncin, beating  
 Trig, tight  
 Trinkums, useless finery  
 Tudder, the other  
 Tui, too  
 Tuik, took  
 Tuith-wark, tooth-ach  
 Tummel'd, tumbl'd  
 Tuppence, two-pence  
 Twea, or twee, two  
 Twonty, twenty
- U
- Unket, strange, particular news  
 Unco, very  
 Uphod, uphold
- V
- Varra, very  
 Varmen, or varment, vermin  
 Vap'rin, vapouring

## W

- Wad, would  
 Waddn't, contract. would  
     not  
 Wae, sorry \  
 Wa, dang it! a mode of  
     swearing  
 Waffler, waverer  
 Wale, choice  
 Wan, to win  
 Wanters, persons who  
     want wives or hus-  
     bands  
 War, worse; were  
 Wark, work  
 War-day, every day in  
     the week, except Sun-  
     day  
 Warl, world  
 Watter, water  
 Waw, wall  
 Weage, wage  
 Wee, diminutive  
 Wey! expression of as-  
     sent: why  
 Weyfe, wife  
 Weyte, blame  
 Webster, or wobster,  
     weaver  
 Whack, thwack  
 Whaker, Quaker  
 Whart, quart  
 Wheyte, quite  
 Whye, a heifer  
 Whope, hope  
 Whornpeppe, hornpipe  
 Whurry, wherry  
 Whisht! hush!  
 Whinge, to weep  
 Wheezlin, drawing the  
     breath with difficulty  
 Whinin, whining  
 Whitten, Whitehaven  
 Whore, where  
 Whif, a blast  
 Whietly, quietly  
 Whilk, which  
 Wussle, or wursle, to  
     wrestle  
 Whuzzie, whizzing  
 Whissenday, Whit-Sun-  
     day  
 Whoal, hole  
 Whey-feac'd, smock-  
     fac'd  
 Wi', or wid. with  
 Wide-gobb'd, wide-  
     mouth'd  
 Win, wind  
 Windy, noisy  
 Winnings, money won  
 Worchet, orchard  
 Wordy, worthy  
 Worton, Orton, name of  
     a village  
 Wots, oats  
 Wrang, wrong  
 Wull, will  
 Wullin, willing  
 Wully, or Wutliam, Wil-  
     lam  
 Wunnet, contract. will  
     not  
 Wun, to dwell

## Y

Yad, a mare  
Yable, able  
Yeage, age  
Yallow, yellow  
Yat, a gate

Yek, oak  
Yell, ale  
Yen, one  
Yer, your  
Ye's, ye shall  
Youngermer, younger  
persons

*THE END.*



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